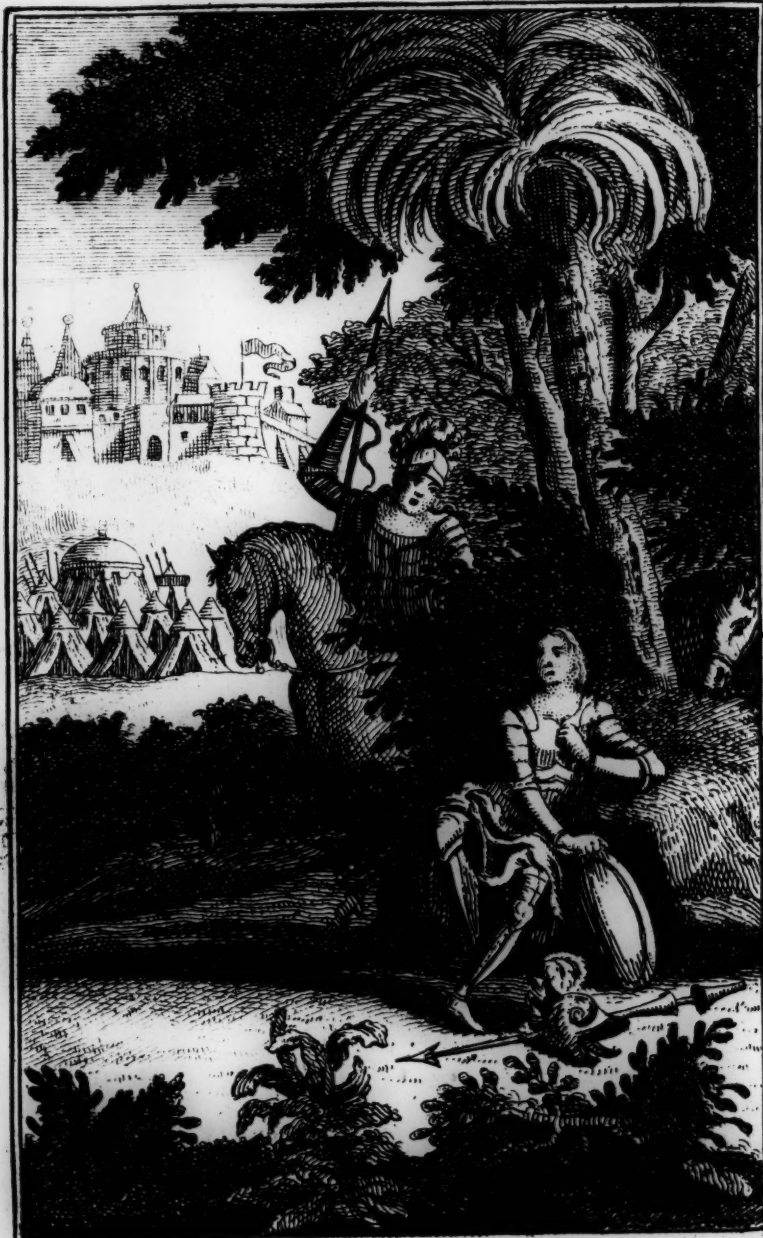
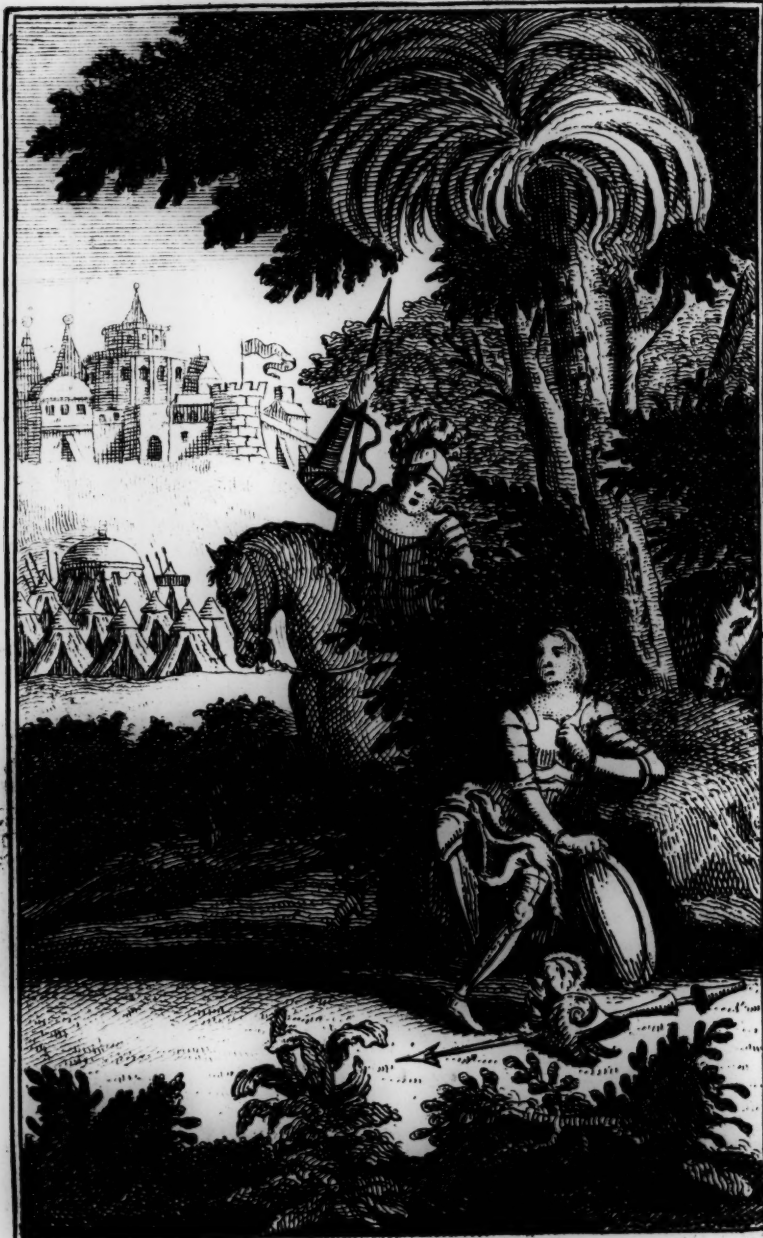




The first meeting of the Princes
Formidaur and Florian.



The first meeting of the Princes
Formidaur and Florian.

THE
DESPERADOES;
AN
Heroick History.

Translated from the *ITALIAN* of the
Celebrated *MARINI*.

(The ORIGINAL having passed Ten Editions.)

CONTAINING

A Series of the most surprizing Adventures of
the Princes FORMIDAU and FLORIAN; the
former being in love with ZELINDA, whom
he takes to be his own Sister; and the latter
having married FIDALME, whom he supposes
to be his Father's Daughter by a second Wife,
and afterwards kills in Disguise in single
Combat.

With a Relation of the various amazing Acci-
dents, and Misfortunes, which happen there-
on, untill the Whole concludes with making
them all happy, by a most extraordinary and
uncommon Revolution.

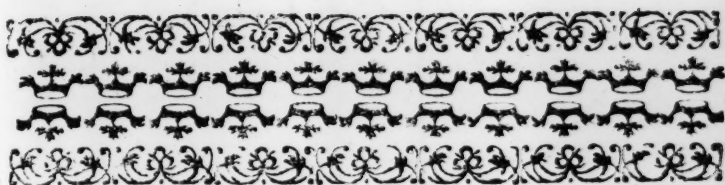
IN FOUR BOOKS.

Embellish'd with eight excellent Copper-Plates.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. R. and sold by T. ASTLEY, at the Rose
in St. Paul's Church-yard; J. ISTED, at the
Golden-Ball, near Chancery-Lane End, and
T. WORRALL, at the Judge's-Head, over-against
St. Dunstan's Church, both in Fleet-Street, 1733.





To his Highness

W I L L I A M

Duke of Cumberland, &c.



SHOULD not have done myself the Honour to lay the following Sheets at your Feet, but that they naturally claim your Protection upon several Accounts. For to whom could I so properly inscribe the History of the Adventures of two *Princes*, who were the *Darlings* and *Ornaments* of the respective Courts to which they belonged, as to *One* who is himself a *Prince*, and is already, even in his tender Years, the
Darling

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Darling and Ornament of the whole *British* Nation.

The Characters of *Formidaur* and *Florian* are highly finish'd, and very moving, as indeed is every thing that ever came from *Marini's* Pen; neither will your Highness find their Adventures less instructive than diverting, as indeed all Performances of this kind ought to be; especially all that are offer'd to your Highness's Perusal.

The *nicest Honour* and most consummate *Virtue* appears conspicuously both in the *Heroes* and *Heroines*, yet are they not exempt from human Frailties, to shew us that Perfection is not attainable in this Life.

Tho' *Formidaur* strikes a Terrour wherever he comes, yet the *Greatness of Soul*, that is visible in every one of his Actions, never fails to gain him our Admiration and Esteem. In short, his *Contempt of a Crown*, when not accompanied with the Object of his Wishes, his *exalted Friendship*, and his *ardent Love*, are Circum-

DEDICATION. iii

Circumstances as beautifully imagin'd, and as finely touch'd, as any to be met with, (if they are to be equall'd,) in any Production of this Nature.

The *Distress* of *Florian* is inimitable, and must move the most insensible; and what adds to its Beauty is, that when one would imagine it at the highest Pitch, it is artfully rais'd yet vastly higher, by his being made to *fight with his Wife unknown*, and to *leave her for dead*.

The sudden Transition of *Carilda* from the *Extreme* of *Hatred* to the *Extreme* of a most *tender Passion* is infinitely surprizing and agreeable, besides which it is a beautiful Picture of the Weakness of human Nature, which is then most in Danger of falling, when it depends most upon its own Strength, and suffers the Passions to get the better of Reason.

The *Despair* of *Fidalme*, with its *fatal Effects* on finding herself involuntarily, and even unknowingly *guilty of Incest* with her Brother, is
painted

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painted to the Life, and must be
owned a Master-piece; neither is
the *innocent Artifice* to which *Zelin-*
da had Recourſe, to preſerve herſelf
free for *Formidaur*, conducted with
leſs Art, or leſs happily imagin'd.

To conclude, in the *unravelling*
the Story, there is the ſame happy
Invention diſplay'd as runs thro' the
whole, which makes me hope, that
it will prove no diſagreeable Amuſe-
ment to your Highneſs at your lei-
ſure Hours; at leaſt I flatter myſelf
that you will receive it with the ſame
Condeſcenſion and Goodneſs as ac-
companies all your Actions, which
is the utmoſt Wiſh of,

May it pleaſe your Highneſs,

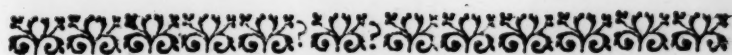
With the moſt profound Reſpect

Your Highneſs's

Moſt Humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant.





INTRODUCTION.

I*F any Accounts of Heroism are not of too antiquated a Taste for the refin'd Sentiments of the present Pacifick Age, there is Reason to believe that the following Piece will be favourably received by the Publick. It would be difficult to select more extraordinary Events, carry'd on with more Address, with more Affinity to the Subject, and more happily unravel'd.*

The Works of Marini, who is the Author, have render'd his Name famous throughout Italy. His KALOANDRE, which has been so many Times printed, has perpetuated his Name there: nor have his DESPERADOES been esteem'd at all inferiour, since 'tis from the tenth Edition that the following Sheets are translated.

Nevertheless, how much soever this may prepossess our Readers in its Favour, and how great soever the Reputation of the Author is, it has not been thought proper servilely to follow the Original in the Translation. It was necessary to omit many Things that were contrary to our Morals; to Decency, and to the Purity of the English Tongue; it was likewise requisite to add others, in order to prepare the Events the better, to render the Circumstances more moving and affecting, and to illustrate such Points as might reasonably have left the Mind in any Doubt.

However,

INTRODUCTION.

However, notwithstanding all the Precautions that have been taken, it is judg'd not unnecessary to give Notice, that the Perusal of this Work requires more Attention, than it is usual to give to Stories calculated merely for Amusement; the Plot is very close, and interwoven with such a Multiplicity of Incidents, as may easily escape our Notice. Nothing is advanced therein in vain; each Circumstance is conducive to the main Foundation; and the Reader will be surpriz'd to see an Incident serve as the Key to the whole, which in the first Book he look'd upon as indifferent.

This, above all, requires your Attention; but as soon as you have made yourself Master of the Characters, and Names, all will be easy in the Sequel, and will lead you without Difficulty to the Unravelling, tho' delay'd 'till almost the last Page.

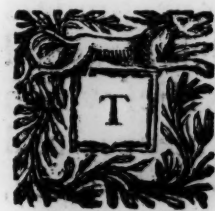


The



THE
 DESPERADOES;
 AN
 Heroick Story.

BOOK I.



THE Sun darted his bright-
 est Beams upon the Hemi-
 sphere, when, by the slow
 steps of a Courser left to
 himself, the passionate *Knight*
of Death arriv'd at a Hill crown'd with
 Fir Trees, whose Summits reach'd the
 Clouds; and by their cool Shade pre-
 serv'd the Earth in a blooming Verdure:
 There his Steed, being quite wearied, stop'd
 suddenly; and by an unexpected shake,
 drew his Master out of the profound Re-

B

verie

6 The DESPERADOES;

verie into which his Misfortunes had plunged him. He was scarcely come to himself, and had cast his Eyes upon the Places circumjacent, when carrying his Sight over the Plain, which extended it self to a great Distance, he discovered a vast City, whose Stately Walls, to the Eyes of Strangers, would rather have seem'd the Capital of the Universe, than the Center of the *Babylonian* Empire.

This Prospect rekindled his Rage; his whole Mass of Blood grew chilled and burnt by Turns in his Veins. I see you again, cry'd he, venerable Walls which I adore, Walls which I abhor! Yes, I adore you, because you contain the Beauty of whom I am an Idolater! I abhor you, because Fate, which made me your Prince, hinders me from possessing her! Relentless Heaven! why did not you second the Relief which I sought from Time, from Absence, and from Death itself? What could I do more, than tear my self from the Heart of the Country which I am one Day to command? What more, than renounce the Pleasures suitable to my Rank, and abandon the Divine *Zelinda*? Inexorable Gods! must you, in spite of me, recall me to this Empire? Think you that I am pleased with the Pretensions which you have given

An HEROICK STORY. 7

ven me unto it, when I see them stript of all the Lustre which alone could make them desirable in my Eyes? Know you not, that if I had them not from you, my Arm alone could conquer them? But, Perfidious as you are! you only promised me a Scepter to deceive me. Well then, be satisfied, I will not hold it; I will cease to live, Death itself shall be welcome to me, and these very Hands for whom you pretended to design it, shall transfer it into the Hands of my Sister.

The desperate Prince of *Babylon*, as he uttered this Blasphemy, cast up his Eyes furiously towards Heaven, after which bending them down again towards the Ground, he fix'd them upon the opposite side of the Hill, where the City of *Racha* raises her lofty Head afar off, upon the Summit of an Eminence, which commands a spacious Plain. As well as the Distance would permit him to distinguish Objects, he discover'd, not without Astonishment, that this Place was surrounded with Elephants, Horses, and a vast Number of Troops, whose Standards play'd in the Wind on all sides: This made him judge that it was besieg'd by a formidable Army.

8 *The* DESPERADOES;

Hereupon, Who are these desperate Wretches, (cry'd he out, all inflam'd with Anger) who dare invade this Empire? From what Regions have so many Enemies flock'd hither, to over-run these Plains, without fearing the dreadful Effects of my Vengeance? My Absence, or my Death has given them Hopes; my Return shall make them Tremble. At these Words he spurr'd his Courser, and was already upon the Brow of the Hill, when he saw, pretty near him, an armed Knight sitting at the Foot of a Tree. His motionless Posture made him imagine that he was buried in a deep Sleep; but he was soon undeceiv'd by a profound Sigh, which he heard break from the *Unknown*, and which was followed by these Words.

O ye Gods! Is it thus you protect the Innocent! Do you hope, by overwhelming them with unparallel'd Misfortunes, to force them to become criminal? Must Virtue be to them an eternal Source of Sorrows and Complaints? But what do I say? Ought you to involve them in Crimes of which you ought to inspire them with Horror? Is it just for you to have Recourse to so many Artifices to make them fall into the Snare? Are disguised

An HEROICK STORY. 9

guised Sexes, conceal'd Mothers-in-law, hostile Bridegrooms, and Brothers and Sisters that are Lovers, the melancholy Sports of your fatal Authority? Ye cruel Deities! I abhor you, since you alone are the Causes of all my Misfortunes; however, I will cease to complain, if any one upon Earth ever underwent a more rigid Destiny: One single Example will both oblige me to Silence, and absolve you. But, alas! all is deaf to my Cries, and my Complaints can neither force the Heavens to crush me with their Thunder, nor Hell to swallow me up in its Abyss.

And you, feeble Mortals, whom the least Breath of adverse Fortune makes believe yourselves the greatest of Wretches; you, Lovers, who reckon yourselves in the Number of the Forlorn, on Account of a slighting Look, or a cold Reception, come and alleviate such trivial Afflictions by comparing them to my horrid Anguish; but rather let some one appear, who, being overwhelmed with the Bolts of angry Heaven, dares usurp in my Wrong the first Place amongst the Miserable; let him put his Misfortunes in the Balance with mine; let him to prove their Excess, have Recourse to the Force of Reason, or the Dint of Arms, I will un-

10 *The* DESPERADOES;

dertake either to convince him of the Lightness of his Sorrows, or to put an End to the Life which he abhors by an honourable Death.

These Words seem'd to the *Knight of Death* the Signal of a Challenge given him by the *Unknown*; wherefore presenting himself fiercely before his Adversary; and who art thou, rash Man, said he, that darest defy both Heaven and Hell, Mankind and the Gods? with what Justice dost thou pretend that my Misfortunes ought to yield to thine? Arm thy self, and let a Combat decide their Superiority: I detest the Gods yet more than thou abhorrest them; but although I am thy Companion in Blaspheming against them, I am nevertheless thine Enemy to revenge them.

At the sight of this threatening Warrior, the *Unknown Knight* was at once seiz'd with Disdain, Pleasure and Admiration. For when, thro' the Visor of his dazzling Head-piece, which was lifted up, he fix'd his Eyes upon the Features of this new Adversary, he admired a Face which Nature had done her utmost to render perfect and regular; his Stature above the Pitch of ordinary Men, his Port, the
Spark-

An HEROICK STORY. II

Sparkling of his Eyes which Anger render'd full of Fire, and the exact Symmetry of his whole Body, presented to the Eye such a happy Assemblage of Graces and Majesty, as seem'd rather the Attributes of a God, than of a Man. He would even have taken him for the God *Mars* himself, if he could have counted amongst the Gods, the Person who boasted of having blasphemed against them. By this alone he knew him to be a Mortal, but a Mortal worthy of Adoration; wherefore rising from his Seat, and breaking the Silence which his Wonder had made continue for some Time, he answered him as follows.

Your Aspect, generous Warrior, by a prodigious Effect, suspends my Anger, which your haughty Discourse ought to have redoubled; I know not from whence this Emotion proceeds, or what Omen I ought to draw from thence; perhaps by the Courage which you discover, it presages me either a more glorious Victory, or a more honourable Death. How know I alas! continues he sighing, which of the two I ought most to desire? However it may happen, behold me ready for the Combat to which you have challenged me: But would it not be better

12 *The* DESPERADOES;

to let a mutual Confidence precede the Decision that is to be made by our Arms? Who knows but, after having heard the Account of my Misfortunes, you may yourself give Sentence in my Favour; you are not ignorant that our Arms are not so capable of deciding the Justice of each of our Pretensions, as of determining the Valour of each respective Combatant; Fortune has often too great a Share therein, and does not always give the Victory to the Person who has Justice on his side.

Whilst the *Unknown* was speaking thus, the haughty Prince of *Babylon* felt a bewitching Charm, take Possession of all the Faculties of his Soul. What is Proof against the Graces of a Physiognomy full of the most engaging Attractions! 'Tis a silent Eloquence which has the Power of gaining every Heart; the more attentively he view'd the *Unknown*, the more Graces and Nobleness he discover'd in him: Wherefore, young Warrior, said he, as I must call you, if your Dress does not deceive me, (for between the Charms of your Person, and your martial Habit, I am at a Loss to determine which Sex ought to claim you;) I perceive it is not in your Sword alone that you place your
Hopes

An HEROIC STORY. 13

Hopes of overcoming me ; but flatter not yourself, your Arguments will not force me to yield to you : Remember, 'tis but a Moment since you said, that you would cease to complain, if you could find a Wretch more unfortunate than yourself ; your own Words condemn you. Is it being in the Depth of Misery when one can be comforted by the Afflictions of Others ? Mine are not capable of such an Alleviation. Were the Heavens to pour down all their Wrath upon another Innocent, I should not be a Jot the less unhappy. Nevertheless, since a mutual Recital of our Adventures may afford you some Consolation, I will not refuse it, but will consent thereunto with so much the more Satisfaction, as I feel in my Mind some secret Emotions, which incline me much rather to admire you, than to decide our Difference by Force of Arms.

At these Words he dismounted, and both of them advancing towards each other, received each other with a respectful Embrace ; after which the *Knight of Death* examining the Features of the *Unknown* more narrowly, imagin'd he saw therein some Resemblance with those of the Beauty he adored. This Idea excited in him an Emotion whereof he was not

14 *The* DESPERADOES;

Master. Ah ! Divine *Zelinda*, cry'd he out, what need is there that every Object should recal to my Mind your Image, which is but too deeply engraven in the Bottom of my Heart ? This Sally made the *Unknown Knight* know but too well that *Love* was the sole Cause of his Adversary's Misfortunes.

Hereupon, though my Features, said he, by recalling to your Memory the Object of your Vows, seem to alluage your Anguish, I cannot think, without Horror, on the fatal Disguise of a different Sex, which they enabled me but too easily to personate ; how dear, alas ! does it cost me, my not having been able long enough to carry on the Deceit ? But, if this beauteous *Zelinda*, for whom you sigh, is the Princess of this Empire, you are not the only one in *Asia* whom Fate has render'd miserable : In *Asia* did I say ? Is there a Knight, Prince, or Monarch in the Universe, who does not pretend to her Possession ?

The *Knight of Death* blush'd with Anger at this Discourse ; and stepping backwards two Paces : Yes, answer'd he, *Zelinda* is the Princess of *Babylon*, and I, as well as all the Princes of the Universe,
adore

An HEROIC STORY. 15

adore her. You are not deceiv'd, no Mortal is worthy of her, and I can never flatter myself with the Hopes of being so. The Heavens! the unjust Heavens have rais'd an Obstacle thereunto, which it is neither in her Power, nor mine, to surmount! I cannot myself enjoy her, but much less can I suffer another to possess her: My hopeless Fury alone has a Right to arm me; 'tis in the Blood of my Rivals that I must glut my Rage: Speak therefore, and if you are one of the Number that aspire to her Enjoyment, you shall be the first Victim whom I will Sacrifice to my Despair.

The *Unknown Knight*, not so much incensed as one would have imagined he would have been at such a menacing Speech, reply'd laughing, what are your Civilities turn'd then in an Instant to Threatnings? Be easy, brave Stranger, I am not your Rival, and I only pay to the Princess of *Babylon* that general Tribute which all Mankind owe to Beauty. May she be yours; if the Heavens have thrown any Obstacle in your Way, 'tis an Injustice which I condemn in them; the great Qualities, which I discover in you, assure me but too much how well you deserve her; and far from disputing her

16 *The* DESPERADOES;

her with you, I offer to contribute to your Happiness with all my Forces. My Sword, with a Hundred Thousand more, which I have brought hither for the Conquest of this Empire, shall be ready to obey you; and when their Arms shall have reduced this Country under my Subjection, they shall at the same Time put into your Power the Object whom you adore: Now say that you are unhappy, when the most unfortunate of Mankind can make you Master of your Wishes.

These Words caused in the Prince a sudden Emotion, which he had much ado to restrain; nevertheless, not being willing to treat, as yet, as an Enemy a Person who gave so many Proofs of the most surprizing Generosity, he disssembled it as much as possible. Fortune and Love, said he, drawing near him again, have hitherto treated me with so much Barbarity, that, I own, I dread to hear the new Treasons which their Rage dares still devise against me. The Swords which you offer me, and which are here, as you tell me, under your Command, are not capable as you imagine, of putting a Period to my Misfortunes; the Blood which they would spill, would only be

An HEROICK STORY. 17

be an Addition to them ; your Offers, which are so considerable in all Appearance, can be but hateful to me; I can only look upon the Forces which you propose to me as Enemies ; and 'tis the cruel Effect of my deplorable Fate, that, not satisfy'd with depriving my Love of the least Glimpse of Hope, it likewise raises me up new Enemies, in those very Persons who are willing to serve me, and with whom I am desirous of having a Friendship.

The young *Unknown* found so much Obscurity in these Words, that in order to come at some Information, he pressed the *Knight of Death* to begin the Recital, upon which they had mutually agreed. Let us explain ourselves better, said he, by an exact Account of our Adventures, let us extricate ourselves, if it be possible, from this Labyrinth, into which the different Emotions wherewith we have been agitated has plunged us. Hereupon, they sat down over against each other, and having taken off their Helmets, were struck with so many new Charms which they observed in each other, that their mutual Admiration caused a Silence which lasted some Moments, and which the *Knight of Death* was the first that broke. I

18 *The* DESPERADOES;

I cannot conceal from you, said he, my surprize, at seeing all these Plains covered with foreign Troops, and hearing, from your own Mouth, that they are designed for the Conquest of this Empire; Whereupon, before we enter upon the Relation of our particular Adventures, be pleased to inform me of the Origin of this War: Who is the Author, and what is the Motive thereof? An Absence of more than a Year has made me entirely ignorant of the Cause of these Hostilities, though I am more nearly concern'd than any one to be acquainted therewith.

The History of my Misfortunes, answered the *Unknown*, has so much Relation with the Rise of this War, that I might have inform'd you at the same time both of the one and the other; but in order to satisfy your Impatience the sooner, I will now only tell you what has drawn our Arms into this Country. Know then, that last Year, on Account of the Sacrifices that are used to be celebrated on the first of *March*, in Honour of the God of Battles, amongst the splendid and magnificent Entertainments which lasted for several Days, there were sumptuous Tournaments, at which Prince

For-

An HEROICK STORY. 19

Formidaur, Son to the *Soldan Agaristus*, who governs this Empire, was declared the Challenger. 'Tis impossible that the Fame of the Valour, Beauty, and other eminent Virtues of this young Hero should not have reach'd your Ears; and I can't help confessing to you, that, on comparing the great personal Accomplishments, for which I have heard him extolled, with those which I discover in you, it has more than once come into my Thoughts that you might be that Prince; but your Love for his Sister has entirely undeceived me. At these Words he perceived that the *Knight of Death* changed Colour; but ascribing it only to a generous Modesty, he went on as follows.

Frontelm, Prince of *Persia*, Son to the old King *Isdigerdes*, was one amongst the numerous Train of Warriors that were present at these Tournaments. You are not ignorant, no doubt, that this Prince is the most famous for his Courage and personal Bravery of any that *Asia* has produced this Age, if we only except the valiant *Formidaur*, whose Youth, Strength, and Vigour meets nothing capable of resisting him. As the Prince of *Persia* had twenty Years before had the Misfortune to kill Prince *Asmadeus*, Brother to *Agaristus*

20 *The* DESPERADOES;

ristus in a single Combat, which had drawn upon him the Resentment of this Empire, he appeared at this Tilting *In-cognito*; but he gave so many Proofs of his Bravery, under the Name of the *Knight of the Unicorn*, that he acquired immortal Honour there, by having been the only one who cou'd cope with the unconquerable *Formidaur*.

Great was the Curiosity of knowing such a couragious Knight; and the *Love* he bore to a Princess of the *Babylonian* Court, not having suffered him to leave it so speedily as in Prudence he ought, he was discover'd and seiz'd by Order of the Emperor; who, without any Regard for the Rank of that Prince, or his particular Merit, caused him to be close confin'd in the Castle of *Arxalte*. At this News all *Persia* took up Arms, to which *India* joined her Forces, and from both these Kingdoms marched those numerous Armies, which, as you see, overspread these Plains, to revenge and deliver their imprisoned Prince: The King of *India*, his Brother-in-Law, commands the *Indian* Troops; and I, as Son to *Frontelm*, Prince of *Persia*, am at the Head of the *Persians*.

Here

Here *Florian* (for that was the Name of the young Prince of *Persia*) held his Peace, and blush'd, on perceiving that, without designing it, he had discovered his Birth to a Person to whom he only intended to have related his Adventures. But the *Knight of Death*, without minding it, answer'd him briskly ; What! was the *Knight of the Unicorn*, who signalized himself so gloriously in the Lists, the famous *Frontelm*, whom the Emperor now keeps in Confinement ? Was there ever a more ungenerous Revenge, or more unworthy of a Monarch ! Tho' *Frontelm* killed Prince *Asmadeus*, 'twas according to the Laws of Honour ; and he was Conqueror without being criminal. Unjust Father ! I thought I had only reason to lament my having been born your Son, but you force me likewise to blush for it ! Must I never call you Father, but with Sorrow, or with Shame ! Yes Prince, continues he, addressing himself to *Florian*, you see before you that same *Fermidaur*, whose poor Endowments you were just now pleased to extol, the Son of *Agaristus*, and Brother of *Zelinda*. This alone is enough to give you a just Idea of my Misfortunes ; nevertheless, how painful soever the Relation may be to
me

22 *The* DESPERADOES;

me, I owe it to the Confidence you have reposed in me, and I shall readily comply therewith.

As I happen'd to be born but a Year before the Princess of *Zelinda*, my Sister, we suck'd in, together with the same Milk, such a perfect Sympathy, that nothing could tear us from each other without Tears, which never ceas'd till we were again permitted to be together. The tender Years of our Infancy were followed by that more sensible Age, which giving us but faint Glimmerings of Reason, renders the Sentiments of the Heart but more impetuous. We had Sense enough to love each other, but too little Experience to set Limits to our Affection. It grew up with us, and took such a deep Root in our Hearts, that when we were in a Condition to be sensible of all the Horror of such a Passion, it was no longer in our Power to triumph over it. Even the Resistance, which Honour and Virtue obliged us to make against this unlawful Flame, served only to make it burn the fiercer. The Names of Brother and Sister became odious to us, we shudder when we pronounce them, and we blush, when we do not pronounce them. Being each of us too virtuous to
in-

An HEROICK STORY. 23

indulge our Crime, and yet too deeply wounded to cease being criminal, our Conversation was accompanied with *Love, Hatred, and Remorse*; together with their inseparable Companion *Sorrow*.

In this terrible Condition, the only Course we could take was to conceal with the greatest Care the Flame wherewith we burned, and avoid all Occasions of conversing together; hoping, by the Help of such a Constraint, to confine ourselves within the Bounds of a lawful Affection. A little after this Resolution, some Provinces of the Empire rising up in Rebellion, under the Conduct of several *Satrapas* combined together, I fancy'd the Fatigues of War, and Love of Glory would put a Stop to the Passion I felt for *Zelinda*. With this thought, I conjur'd the Emperor to intrust me with the Command of the Army he design'd against the Rebels. This he granted the more readily, as it would be an Opportunity of making myself known to the People over whom I was to reign; wherefore I set out at their Head, having, for Lieutenant General, the *Satrapa Aredas*, whose Valour and Experience in the Art of War are equally commendable.

Zel-

24 *The* DESPERADOES;

Zelinda had too much Virtue to oppose my Design, she was even the first who disposed me to it, and we parted in Hopes of meeting each other again, only with such Sentiments as are allowed by Nature: But although we were absent from each other, our Affections were but the more strongly united. *Zelinda* was always the sole Principle of my Actions, and the only Object whom I sought to please, whilst I was endeavouring to signalize myself by my Courage. The News of my Victories, the Account of some Exploits that made a Noise in the World, and were rather due to my Love than my Valour, confirm'd in her Heart the tender Sentiments which she would have banish'd thence. The Joy which the News of my Triumph gave her, the Pleasure of hearing me extoll'd, and the Fear of the Dangers to which I was exposed, were so many Arms of which Love made use to combat the Efforts of her Virtue. In short, I subdued the Rebels, forced the Provinces to return to their former Obedience, and returned to *Babylon* covered with Glory, and more passionate than ever. I could not forbear giving way to the dangerous Pleasure of visiting the Princess again as a faith-

An HEROICK STORY. 25

faithful Lover, and I appear'd before her with an Air of Satisfaction which alarmed her Soul: Her own Sentiments enabled her to judge of mine; her Joy on seeing me again, discover'd to her that which I felt; I found her so handsome, and my new Glory, which I assured her was owing to her Charms, spoke so advantageously in my Favour, that our Love wou'd have taken Rise from that Moment, if we had not before burn'd with the most fervent Passion. In short, what shall I say to you? we loved before my Departure, and we adored each other at my Return.

A Flame so violent could not be long conceal'd; and the Care we took to hide it from the Eyes of those who observ'd us, made it only be discover'd the sooner. The Emperor and Empress perceiv'd it; and imagining that whoever had transgress'd the Bounds prescrib'd by Nature, might be capable of breaking through all her Laws, would only suffer me to see *Zelinda* at those Hours when all the Court had the same Priviledge; and without taking any Precaution to reclaim me by sage Remonstrances, or by Reasons drawn from paternal Love, they had the
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Rigour even to forbid me the Pleasure of conversing with her in her Apartment.

This cruel Prohibition served only to redouble my Passion, and to alienate my Affections from *Agaristus*, for whom I never had felt the Tenderness of a Son, his Severity having always made me look upon him, rather as my Emperor, than as my Father. Being incensed then, at his having been able to think me capable of making an Attempt upon the Honour of *Zelinda*, I only considered him as my Persecutor; for, Prince, 'tis not with design to palliate the Enormity of my Crime, that I dare call all the Gods to witness, that notwithstanding the Excess of my Love, I never formed a Wish at which *Zelinda's* Virtue could be in the least offended: To love, to sigh, and to complain of our hard Fate, was our only Employment. It was impossible then for me to endure the injurious Suspicions that were conceiv'd against us, and yet more impossible to deprive myself of the Pleasure I enjoy'd in her Conversation; wherefore, neither regarding the Emperor's Orders, or the Severity of the Empress, there was never a Day pass'd, wherein I did not find an Opportunity of seeing the Princess.

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Nevertheless, I was very sensible it would be very difficult always to brave the Laws that were prescrib'd me, and to undergo perpetually new Conflicts, without Hopes of meeting with any Remedy to my Sorrows: Wherefore, I took a Resolution to travel; poor Relief, when one carries with one the Evil which one would shun! The Festivals, of which you were speaking, having furnish'd me with a good Pretence to see *Zelinda* with less Constraint than usual, I took the Advantage of a Moment when I believed I could be overheard by no-body but her.

We are enjoin'd, said I to her, not to see each other, and we ought even to enjoin it ourselves; the more our Hearts murmur against it, the more our Honour ought to be alarm'd thereat: Too ingenious Love, will render easy to us the means of deceiving the Eyes that observe us; in vain should we arm ourselves with the Laws of rigid Duty: Our Virtue, 'tis true, assures us of the Victory, but our Weakness give us Reason to expect the most cruel Conflicts; let us exempt ourselves from them, dear *Zelinda*; help me to take Advantage of a
Spark

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Spark of Reason, which is ready to be lost in the Flames of the most violent Passion. To fly you, is the only Remedy; to dye, is my only Hope; but this Death, which is the only Object of my Desires, is too slow in seconding my Wishes: Your Sight, your sympathizing with my Pains, are so many Tyes which in dear Life to me, and from which I will set myself free; I have only endeavoured to see you to-day without Witnesses, that I might prepare you for an eternal Separation; perhaps, when you see me no more, and hear the wretched *Formidaur* no more mention'd, an Oblivion, which is both necessary for your Repose, and your Honour, will restore you to your primitive Innocence. As for myself, I don't hope for such a Favour from Heaven, altho' I cannot look upon my Love but with Horror, it will be always dear to me, wherefore Death alone is my Refuge. I cannot enjoy you as your Husband, I cannot love you as your Brother; to what End should I live? At these Words, my Grief, at seeing a Flood of Tears trickle down from *Zelinda's* Eyes, was within a little of effecting what I only expected from the Rigour of her Absence. But although I did not lose my Life, I lost, at least for a Moment, the Use of my

my Speech, and it was not in my Power to proceed.

This beauteous Princess perceived it ; and blushing at her Weakness : Prince, said she, (striving to smother her Tears,) think not that Grief for your Absence is the Cause of my Tears ; how great soever the Severity of the Destiny, which is bent on persecuting us, may be, my Virtue can never receive any Blemish. My Tears have both a nobler and purer Source ; they proceed only from my Sorrow, at being obliged to consent to an Absence, which will cause this Empire to lose its greatest Ornament, and the only Support of the Crown. Nevertheless, if any thing can comfort us in our Misfortunes, 'tis the knowing ourselves worthy of our Esteem, and remembring, that by the Innocence of our Thoughts and Actions, we have in some measure atton'd for the Enormity of the Flame, which has taken Root, in spite of us, in our Hearts. I approve then of your Departure, and consent to it so much the more willingly, inasmuch as I flatter myself with Hopes, that this Absence will extinguish our Love, without putting an End to our Days ; and that by moderating the Ardour of our Passion, it will re-

30 *The* DESPERADOES;

strain it within the lawful Bounds of a tender Affection.

I was ready to answer, when we saw the Empress appear, 'who narrowly watched us on all Occasions. She perceived our Disorder, and was preparing to reproach us therewith, but I retired, with a settled Resolution to leave this Empire, as soon as the Tournaments should be over: As I was appointed the Challenger, I was bound in Honour not to set out sooner. I appear'd there then, and acquired a Reputation that might have satisfy'd me, if my Soul had not been possess'd with the most lively Grief: In short, the Day after these Festivals were over, I went to wait upon the Emperor and Empress, and alledging what Reasons my Heart suggested to me, acquainted them with the Design which I had form'd of leaving a Court where my Courage must languish in Ease and Idleness. *Agaristus* having heard me, thought he ought not to refuse me; and I read, in the Eyes of the Empress, the Joy this Resolution gave her, which she confirmed to me by these Words. 'Tis a long while, Prince, since you ought to have taken this Course, and I hope that your Absence will cause great Alterations here.

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I made no Answer to this Discourse but by a respectful Salutation, and mounting on Horseback that Instant, went out of *Babylon*, and in a few Days out of the Empire, without knowing precisely whither I should direct my Steps.

No sooner did I set my Foot in a foreign Country, but I caused this Armour to be made for me which I still wear; resolving that the Image of Death, which is upon my Shield, should be an authentick Sign of the Desire I had to seek it. With this Design, I have cross'd the Seas and Desarts like a Man in Despair; I have penetrated into the most barbarous Nations, and have been in every Place where War has raged with the greatest Fury; but the most formidable Dangers have yielded to my Destiny, that is resolv'd to preserve my Life, only to prolong my Torments, which became always more violent in Proportion as I went farther from the divine Object whom I adore. In vain, in order to dispel my Sorrows, did I seek all Occasions of exercising my Valour in Battle; the Greariness of the Perils to which I exposed myself, and the Rigour of my sufferings, all made it indispensibly necessary for me to invoke *Zelinda's* adorable Name; and her Name

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alone was sufficient to make me triumph, to refresh me after all my Labours, and to enable me to surmount all Hazards: The Succour I received from thence perpetually renew'd in my Mind the Remembrance which I wou'd have banish'd thence, and in order not to be ungrateful, I grew daily more amorous.

Already above a Year was elapsed, and my Passion had not in the least lost its Ardour; nevertheless, being supported by my Despair, and my Virtue, I determin'd to pursue my Travels, being as firmly resolved as ever upon suffering, when one Night, after long and painful Watchings, being overwhelm'd with Weariness, and buried in a profound Sleep, I had a Dream which overthrew my Designs.

I was at *Babylon*, in the vestibule of the Princess; methought, I was in her Bed, with a Countess, and I saw, that I was in a dream, as asleep, or in the midst of a Trance. She addressed me, in these Words: "What has your Absence done to you? What Joy does it bring you? No longer fly from me, but stay, my dear, and let me see you."

Sleep, I say, methought, I was in her Bed, with a Countess, and I saw, that I was in a dream, as asleep, or in the midst of a Trance. She addressed me, in these Words: "What has your Absence done to you? What Joy does it bring you? No longer fly from me, but stay, my dear, and let me see you."

my Presence; the Affection I now bear you is no more than what is lawful; the Gods, weary of persecuting us, have restored me to a happy Tranquility, which you likewise will soon enjoy by my Example: They expect you here to crown their Work, no longer think of absenting yourself you have no longer any thing to fear, but will soon cease to be a Lover, without ceasing to be faithful, and we shall again become virtuous. At these Words, methought I saw Tears of Affection trickle down from her beautiful Eyes, as Harbingers of a pure Joy, to whose Sweetness our Souls had till that Day been Strangers; I even imagined that I felt the same Sentiments within my own Breast, and thought that my Passion being purify'd by her's, was changed into Adoration and Respect: I fancy'd I read in the Languishment of her Eyes, the pleasing Satisfaction which she found within her on beholding me again, without Regret, and without Remorse. In short, dreaming that she stretch'd out her Arms to me, I did the same with Design to receive her in mine, but, at that Instant, Sleep fled from my Eyes, and my Dream vanished.

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Instead of this State of imaginary Tranquility, I found myself, at my awaking, a Prey to all the Horrors of my Grief. Nevertheless, I have looked upon this Dream as a Warning from the Gods to return to *Zelinda*. How know I (said I to myself) but they acquaint me with her real Sentiments! If she should enjoy this happy Serenity, what Influence may not her Example have upon me? Alas! how easily do we persuade ourselves to what we wish! Every Thing becomes credible, when the Case in Question is to revisit the Object of our Love: Accordingly, I have not hesitated at all upon the Matter, but am come back again, and about to re-enter *Babylon*, more amorous than when I left it. To-morrow I shall again behold *Zelinda*; Heavens! what Excuse can I plead in my Favour! shall I arm myself, against her just Indignation, with the frivolous Pretence of a delusive Dream, the Effect of the criminal Thoughts wherein my Heart is pleased to indulge its self during the Day? Her Virtue will be offended thereat, she will abhor my Return, and will shun me with Horror. What a cruel Sight will that be to me, to behold her accusing, and complaining of me! What a Shame, to undergo the Reproaches of a Father, the Murmurs of

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of a whole People, and a Court too well informed of my criminal Passion, and to be forced to out-brave them all ! What an Abyfs opens its Jaws before me ! Now tell me, Prince, that I don't deserve the Title of Forlorn ; and that there is in the World a more miserable Wretch than me : Relate your Misfortunes, and if you dare, compare them to mine.

During this whole Recital, *Florian* had never taken his Eyes off the Ground ; but, at *Formidaur's* last Words, he lifted them up, and with a disdainful Smile, which shew'd how little he was affected with such Adventures, express'd himself after this Manner.

Ah ! Prince, permit me to tell you, that it does not become a Wise Man to charge the Gods with his own Faults ; ought he, who does not follow the Paths prescrib'd him by his Duty, to blame any one but himself if he falls into a Precipice ? To what Artifice then have the Fates had Recourse in order to seduce you ? What inevitable Snares did Fortune lay in your Way, to authorize your mournful Complaints ? Did she conceal from you that you were *Zelinda's* Brother ? And ought not you to have combated with Wisdom and Reason the Enormity

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of a Crime whereof you were appriz'd ? Ought the envenom'd Shafts wherewith Love has pierc'd your Heart, and which you can no longer pluck from thence, to have out-brav'd the sacred Laws of so near a Consanguinity ? Let us not endeavour to deceive ourselves; whoever is attack'd Face to Face, and openly, by an Enemy, and does not draw his Sword in his own Defence, usurps wrongfully the Title of Unfortunate, and would in vain strive to excite Compassion, if he happens to be vanquished. But, alas ! He alone ought to complain of the Injustice of Fate, who, being surpriz'd and assaulted by a Traytor, does not find himself provoked to the Combat but by the Stroke that wounds him ; and if he turns his Head, 'tis only to be the wretched Spectator of the Fall which he cannot avoid : This, Prince, is my Condition ; be pleased to give me the Hearing, I am going to recount to you such Misfortunes, as, at the same Time that they make you shudder, may, perhaps, prove some Alleviation to your Pains.

My Adventures are so horrible, that far from revealing them to you, I ought to bury myself, with them, in the most profound Caverns of the Earth. I wish I could at least relate them to you under
fein-

feigned Names, as I at first designed; but an unknown Inclination has forced me to discover to you, what it was of the utmost Importance to me to conceal from your Knowledge, since I have nothing to acquaint you with but what has a necessary Relation to the different Interests of this Empire. Nevertheless, the Confidence wherewith you have inspired me, seems to be answerable to me for your Fidelity, and 'tis only upon your Promise to bury in eternal Silence all that you are going to hear, however you may be concerned therein, that I don't at all scruple to go on with my Story.

The King of the *Indies*, and myself, having entered this Empire at the Head of our Forces (as I have already told you;) and marched to within twenty Miles of *Babylon*, without meeting with any Army that could stop our Progress, we thought it would not be proper to pass on any farther, that we might not leave behind us the City of *Racha*, which being surrounded with strong Walls, and naturally fortified by its Situation, refused to surrender at our Approach. We incamped, therefore, in its Neighbourhood, and in order to preserve our Men, great Numbers of whom had fallen in a long and

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disadvantagious Siege, resolved to turn it into a Blockade; being perswaded that this Place, not being able to receive any Succour, would not be long before it opened its Gates to us. As had I heard that the Castle of *Arxalte*, where my Father was detained Prisoner, was but five Miles distant from this Fortress; this Discovery made me form a Design to steal from Camp, under the Disguise of a strange Knight, that was drawn thither by the News of the War, which was breaking out in all Parts, and examine, in Person, whether it was so impregnable as Fame gave it out to be; and in case it was, whether it would not be possible to attempt to surprize it.

Being full of this Project, I set out towards the Castle ten Days ago, accompanied only by one 'Squire. The first Person whom I met in my Way was a Cavalier who was travelling the same Road; we accosted each other, and entered into a Conversation together. He informed me that he was going to *Arxalte*, to give Advice to the Governor, that the Princess *Carilda*, Sister-in-law to the Emperor, was to come that Day to the Castle, which, although very strongly fortified, contained within its Walls very
spaci-

spacious and magnificent Gardens, whole agreeable Solitude she frequently preferred to the Pomp and Splendour of the Court of *Babylon*. At last we arriv'd upon an Eminence, whence we could discover a pretty large Village, which I pretended was the Place where I design'd to lodge that Night, but that the Sun being yet high, I would take Advantage thereof, to admire the Outworks of such a celebrated Fortrefs.

I then parted from this Unknown, and rode round the Castle, which I found it was impossible to attack with open Force; wherefore, retiring to the Village, I bent my Thoughts on contriving some Stratagem, which might effect what could not be brought to pass by Dint of Arms. In short, after having revolved several Expedients within my Mind, which did not satisfy me in the least, what had been told me of the speedy Arrival of the Princess *Carilda*, and the Impossibility there was that the *Babylonians* could come very soon to the Relief of *Racha*, inspired me with a Thought which my Youth and my Features determined me to put in Execution. The violent Desire I had to see, and to deliver, the Prince my Father, made me surmount

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mount all Difficulties which occurred in my Design; hereupon I communicated it to my 'Squire, who used his utmost Efforts to dissuade me from it; but I kept to my Resolution, and notwithstanding his Remonstrances, he was obliged to obey me, and to hasten with all possible Speed to the next Town, to buy me a Suit of Womens Cloaths. Oh! how greatly did I extol my Fortune for having inspired me with such a Thought! But, alas! the treacherous Goddess did but render all Difficulties so easy to me, to make me fall more readily into the Precipice.

In order to execute this Design, we set out early in the Morning, and took the Road towards *Arxalte*; and having posted myself in a By-place, from whence, without being perceived, we could discover all who came from *Babylon* to that Castle, I quitted my Armour to put on the female Attire which my 'Squire had brought me, and which fitted my Shape so exactly, that they disguised my Sex to Admiration. Already I imagined myself introduced by this Means into *Arxalte*, admitted to a free Access with the Prince my Father, and concerting with him all the Measures necessary for his Escape:
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Wherefore, I ordered my 'Squire to return to the Camp, as soon as he should believe me entered into the Castle, to communicate my Design to the King of the *Indies*, and to come back and expect my Return, or my Orders, in the next Village.

This done, I instantly took Horse, and impatiently waited upon the Road the Arrival of the Princess *Carilda*, but 'twas not till within a few Hours of Sun-set that her Retinue appeared. Then putting on my Courser full speed, I rode to meet her, counterfeiting the distress'd Damsel, and pretending not to know her, and demanded a Moment's Audience. Hereupon she caused her Chariot to stop, and looking on me with a gracious Eye, ordered me to declare my Business. I then told her, with Precipitation, a confused Story of an unforeseen Adventure, wherein being pressed hard upon by Ravishers, I should have been in Danger of being ruined, if I had been so unfortunate as to fall into their Hands. In order to give more Probability to my Relation, I intermixed therewith all the Marks of the greatest Terror, earnestly conjuring her to suffer
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me about her Person, and to take my Life and Honour in to her Protection.

Whilst I was speaking to her, amongst several Courtiers who made a Circle round me, I perceived a Young Nobleman perfectly beautiful, who listened to me with such an extraordinary Attention, that I was afraid he knew me. This Fear produced in me an Emotion which contributed not a little to add Force to my Words; for the changing of my Colour alternatively from Pale to Red, making my pretended Fear appear real, excited *Carilda's* Compassion, and made her apprehensive of aggravating my Trouble, by examining me more particularly about my Adventures. Wherefore, she only ordered me to follow her, and turning herself towards this same young Nobleman, who never took his Eyes from off me: Into your Hands, said she, I commit this charming Stranger; take great Care of her, and omit nothing to enable her to find in *Arsalte* all the Assistance whereof she may stand in need.

He seem'd overjoy'd with this Office, and as if he had already been incens'd against my Persecutor; I will answer the Confidence wherewith you honour me, replied he,
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in such a Manner as your Orders and this amiable Lady deserve: And you, young Charmer, continued he, addressing himself to me; Cease for the future all unnecessary Tears, your Enemies shall be mine; He accompany'd these Words with such a tender and passionate Look, that I was satisfied so much Officiousness did not proceed from Generosity alone, but that a more ardent Passion was the Motive thereof: and indeed his whole Person was adorned with so many Graces, that I could not help wishing at that Instant to be in reality what I pretended to appear to his Eyes. I thanked the Princess then for her Goodness, and my amiable Defender for the Care which he was willing to take of my Preservation.

In the mean while, I kept my Eyes fixed on him continually; both through a natural Impulse which inclines us to admire Things that are perfect, and to increase by my Looks the Affection which I perceived insinuated itself into his Heart. Whether he only became my Friend, or, being deceived by Appearances, happened to become my Lover, I depended equally to make my Advantage thereof, because he seemed to me to be *Carilda's*
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44 *The DESPERADOES*;
Favourite, and consequently to have Power enough to serve me in the Design that drew me to *Arxalte*.

We conversed together then, during all the rest of the Way, with a Kind of Confidence on both Sides, which soon gave Birth to a reciprocal Prepossession in favour of each other. He told me that his Name was *Fidalme*, and that he was upon the Point of being made a Knight; to-morrow, added he, that Ceremony is to be performed; your Presence will contribute not a little to set off the Splendor of the Solemnity, and my greatest Glory will be to receive my Arms there, only to devote them eternally to your Defence.

At last we entered the Fortrefs, and from thence into the Palace, where his officious Care prevented my least Wishes; he gave me his Hand, and conducted me into a magnificent Apartment, where I returned Thanks a-new to the Princess *Carilda*, who ordered *Fidalme* to accompany me into that which was designed for me. In order hereunto, he made me cross a stately Gallery, at the End whereof was his Apartment, near enough to mine to be at Hand to fly to my Assistance in case of Need. As at
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the other End of the Gallery one might perceive a Door which was shut. That, said he, is the Chamber of Prince *Fron-
telm*, who is Prisoner in this Castle; that Door is never opened: there is a Passage into it on the other Side, of which the Princess keeps the Key, with the greatest Care, while she is at *Arxalte*. Being come to the Apartment which was prepared for me, he advised me not to defer going to Rest, inasmuch as I should be rouzed early in the Morning, by the Sound of the Trumpets which were to proclaim the Solemnity, at which he was to be created a Knight. He informed me, that this Ceremony would be followed by a magnificent Hunting-match, the Preparations for which I might have seen, on the Side of the High-way where I met the Princess *Carilda's* Chariot.

He then left me, and I went to Bed instantly; but the different Agitations wherewith I was perplexed, would not suffer me to take that Rest whereof I stood in need: The uncommon Sentiments with which I found myself prepossessed in Favour of *Fidalme*, and the Project of my Father's Deliverance, took up my Thoughts all that Night, and I had scarce begun to slumber, when I was awak'd
by

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by the Sound of the warlike Instruments which gave the first Signal. I was not one of the last in hastening to the Place of the Assembly, where the new Knight signalized his Dexterity, and attracted the Admiration of all the Spectators. This Solemnity was no sooner over, but every one got ready to set out for the Hunting; and *Carilda*, by whom I had always kept, and who had continually honoured me with her Favours, ordered me to get into her Chariot with *Fidalme*. I soon perceived that she took a great deal of Diversion in the Courtship, whereof this young Lord seemed to make his first Essay with me; and she promoted it by a Thousand obliging Things which she said to both of us. I answered her Civilities to the utmost of my Power, without swerving from the Decency suitable to the Sex which I personated. At last we arrived at the Place of *Rendez-vous*, which was at an Opening situated in the Centre of the Forest, where a great many Roads met.

There *Fidalme* alighted from the Chariot, and mounted a stately Courser, after which he offered the Princess to be her Guide, if she would be pleased to follow him. The Charioteer, who had received

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ed Orders for that Purpose, was so well seconded by the prodigious Swiftneſs of his Horſes, that we had the Pleaſure to ſee the Game paſs ſeveral Times before us, and loſt none of the different Operations, either of the Hounds or the Hunters. *Carilda* was raviſhed therewith, and infinitely extolled the Addreſs of our amiable Guide, when he, ſuffering himſelf to be too much transported by his Zeal to divert us, imprudently followed the Cry of ſome Dogs, which being at a Fault, had ſeparated from the groſs of the Pack. Accordingly, we were ſoon out of the Hearing of them; and after having for a long time followed a Road that led us quite away from the Game, we were very much ſurprized to find ourſelves at the Edge of the Foreſt, by the Side of the High-way.

Fidalmé galloped along at a good Diſtance from us, endeavouring to recover his Miſtake before we could perceive it, when we heard a Noiſe of Bucklers, and ſaw, ſoon after, the Shining of ſeveral Swords which glittered at the Entrance of the Wood. We then found that the new Knight was fiercely attack'd by a Troop of armed Men; whereupon I
alighted

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alighted, and flew to his Assistance, whilst *Carilda* swooned away.

I was fortunate enough to get up to him at the Moment, that, being forced from his Horse, he was upon the Point of being overcome, and becoming a Prey to his Ravishers, who did not aim so much at wounding him, as at taking him Prisoner, and carrying him off. Hereupon, I snatched up the Sword of a Trooper whom he had disarmed, and giving a mortal Wound to him that held him down, gave the fallen Knight time to get up again, and second me. By the Habit of these Troopers, I fancy'd I knew them to be *Persians*, who were detached from the Camp before *Racha*, nor was I mistaken; for one of them having viewed me attentively, discovered me in spite of my Disguise, and cryed out to his Comrades, *Let us fly, 'tis the Prince* ----- which they did with the utmost Precipitation.

I was somewhat alarmed at these Words which were let fall so unseasonably, fearing that *Fidalmé* might have taken notice of them; but he soon dispelled my Apprehensions, by accosting me tenderly in this Manner. What Deity
has

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has flown to my Assistance ! Is it your Arm, beauteous Stranger, or that of a God which has taken up Arms in my Favour ! But 'tis you yourself ; I see it, or rather I am sensible of it by the Emotion of my Heart ; and how great soever the Benefit is which I have just receiv'd, I know not upon which I set the greatest Value, whether upon the Life which you have saved, or upon the Hand to which I am indebted for it : but in what Condition have you left the Princess *Carilda* ?

At these Words we went immediately to her Chariot, where we found her almost without Motion ; however, she open'd her Eyes, and beholding *Fidalme*, recover'd entirely from her Swoon. What Miracle, cried she out, has saved you ? To whom do you owe your Life or Liberty ? To this Stranger, answer'd *Fidalme* in a Transport ; 'tis she whose transcendent Courage, superior both to her Age and Sex, has snatch'd me from the Jaws of Death : My Heart has now no other Hopes left after this Service, but to make Amends by its Gratitude, for what Glory has made it lose. Inform me, reply'd *Carilda*, of the Particulars of such a surprizing Adventure to which my Fear
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prevented my being a Witness. Then I related to her in few Words what had passed in this Action, from the Glory whereof I affected to detract as much as possible.

Nevertheless, perceiving that so much Valour, in the Sex which I had assum'd, caus'd an infinite Surprize in her, I laid hold of this Opportunity to acquaint her with the martial Education which it was usual in my Country to give to young Ladies of Quality; and which the Misfortunes, wherewith Fate had oppress'd me, had fortify'd but too much. Are you made to undergo any? reply'd she. Cannot I be so happy as to mitigate them? There is nothing which I would not do to testify to you how perfectly I esteem you. To these Compliments *Fidalme* added excessive Commendations, with divers Testimonies of the most lively Gratitude, which I could perceive had its Rise in her Heart.

We arrived, in this Manner, pretty late at *Arxalte*, where every Place soon resounded with my new Glory, which the Princess and *Fidalme* never ceas'd extolling, as much as I endeavour'd to detract from it. Every one being retired,

I went to Bed, where the strange Emotions which I felt in my Breast, to the true Cause of which I was a Stranger, and the Joy, for the Hopes of my Father's Deliverance, engross'd my whole Thoughts that Night. I did not in the least doubt but the signal Service which I had render'd *Fidalme* would bind him to my Interests by the strongest Ties; and procuring me the Esteem and Confidence of the Princess, would facilitate the Means of putting my Design in Execution:

Having pass'd the whole Night in a continual Agitation, scarce did the Morning begin to dawn, when I got up, and by the Stair-Case which led from the Gallery, went into the Garden. There I had Time enough to examine the Height of the Windows of *Frontelm's* Apartment, with the Situation of the Garden, and the different Ways out. After having made sufficient Observations thereupon, I went and sat down upon a Bench of Turf, which lean'd against an Arbour of Palisades, cover'd with Vines. I was there reflecting upon what I had remark'd, when I discover'd, at a little Distance, *Carilda* accompany'd by *Fidalme* entring the Garden. I waited
till

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till they should be gone far enough from the Place where I was, for me to return to the Palace: but was very much surprized a Moment after to hear their Voices, and find that they were coming to sit down in the same Arbour against which I was leaning. Whatever Interest I might have to overhear them, I blush'd a thousand times for Shame, and Fear of being surpriz'd, listening to the Discourse of a Princess from whom I had receiv'd so many Favours; wherefore, I thought the best Course I could take was to sit still, and avoid being seen.

There it was that Fortune lay in Ambush for me, to give me my fatal Wound, by discovering to me a Mystery which was to cost me both my Rest and my Innocence: I overheard by Chance this Sequel of their Conversation. I cannot conceive, said *Fidalme*, what can have been the Reason of those Troopers attacking me; notwithstanding the Trouble I was in, I perceiv'd that they were not *Babylonians*, their Arms seeming to me of a foreign Make; and yet, as soon as the young Stranger, by falling upon 'em, defended me from their Assaults, under which I was ready to sink, one of them riding away cry'd out, *Let us fly, 'tis the Prince.*

An HEROICK STORY. 53

Prince.——and I could no longer discern any one near me but my Preserver, who help'd me to get up.

Time alone, answer'd *Carilda*, and the prudent Measures which we have taken, may bring to Light both the Authors, and the Cause of this Attempt: However it be, my dear *Fidalme*, you owe never the less to your generous Deliverer; and the Esteem which her Charms inspire, with her Courage, and the infinite Obligations, you have to her, will contribute not a little to your keeping up the Character of a Lover, which you only intended should serve as an Amusement for us. I own, reply'd *Fidalme*, that it is no manner of Trouble to me to act that Part; I feel an extreme Pleasure in giving her Assurances of my Love. It is even come to that Degree, that I regret not being what I appear to her Eyes: all my Sorrow is, that I deceive her at present, and employ my Gratitude only in exciting in her Heart such Sentiments as my Sex forbids me to inspire. Endeavour at least, my dear *Fidalme*, resum'd *Carilda*, to engage her not to leave us; I am charm'd with every thing in her Person; her Looks, her Wit, her Manners, all shew that she is deriv'd

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from

54 *The* DESPERADOES;

from an illustrious Extraction : I should be infinitely curious of hearing from herself the Truth of her Adventures ; but it is our Part to deserve her Confidence, and not to exact it : The Service she has done you obliges us to Silence, and we owe her too much not to respect her Secrets ; good Offices, Civilities and Gratitude, are the only Arms which her Generosity has left us.

At these Words they got up, and I no longer heard them. It would be hard, continued *Florian*, to express the Surprize and the Astonishment into which this Conversation threw me ; I had scarce Strength enough, when I perceiv'd that no-body saw me, to rise, and return to my Apartment, which I enter'd so full of Trouble, that I was above an Hour before I could recover myself ; I believ'd for some time, that it was only a Dream, with which my deluded Senses had cheated my sleeping Fancy : But at last, the violent Passion which I found *Fidalgome* had excited in my Breast, and which had taken Place of that Inclination which I felt within me towards her when I imagin'd her a Man, left me no Room to question the Reality of what I had overheard.

I bent all my Thoughts then on kindling in her Heart the same Fires where-with mine was inflamed; and had hardly made what Reflections were necessary to succeed in a Design, whose Success secured at once my own Happiness, and my other Views, when I saw her appear. Heavens! how beautiful did she seem to me! and what Charms did the Knowledge of her Sex make me discover in her most indifferent Actions! In order to follow the Plan which she had laid down for herself, she accosted me with a passionate Air, her Disguise giving her an Assurance which mine deny'd me; and she express'd herself in such a lively Manner under the Pretence of Gratitude, that I was vex'd to the last degree to see her act that Part before me, which suited only with the Ardor of my Love: It was impossible for me to constrain myself with so much Reservedness as my Dress requir'd; I seem'd confounded, and my Perplexity made her fear that she had carry'd Things too far.

She engaged me, therefore, to go with her into the Princess's Apartment, where the whole Court was got before us; there, by our mutual Glances, we incessantly

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santly renew'd a Tenderness and Affection, whereof we no longer made a Mystery, since its first Rise seem'd authoriz'd by the Princess, and by the Approbation of all the Courtiers. I resolv'd, however, to acknowledge to her what Chance had made me discover; to the End, that believing me a Woman like herself, she might give herself up without Reserve to all the Ardour of her Affection, and not blush to find me make a suitable Return thereunto. Fortune offer'd me a favourable Opportunity; for the next Morning, *Fidalme* came into my Apartment, according to Custom, in order to lead me into that of the Princess. Whatever Satisfaction I felt in being alone with her, I trembled a thousand times at her Sight; but her Words and her tender Looks dispell'd my Fears: She express'd so much Apprehension of losing my Company, that at last I cry'd out, Let us have done, beauteous *Fidalme*, with a Jest which you have already carry'd but too far. You was not born to act the Part of a Gallant, I know it; and have no Room to doubt it: Then I related to her what Fortune had made me overhear the Morning before.

Hea-

Heavens! what do you tell me? answer'd she, interrupting me, Wretch that I am, and what will become of me? All my Views, all my Designs are render'd abortive. Unjust Fates! I am utterly undone; I have talk'd too much. Here a Flood of Tears interrupted her Speech; Well, continued she, my Fortune is in your Hands, you have discover'd a Thing of which all the Universe is ignorant; I am no longer permitted to counterfeit with you. I am a Maiden, it is true; but, after having sav'd my Life, you will be the Cause of my Death, and ruin me for ever, if you should be capable of revealing a Secret, on which my Repose, my Greatness, and the Happiness of my whole Life depends.

Dispel your Fears, beauteous *Fidalme*, reply'd I, be in no Apprehensions from my Indiscretion, such a Treachery is greatly unworthy of my Character, and yet more of the Sentiments wherewith you have inspired me. I am entirely in your Power, in a Place where you are absolute Mistress; the Protection you have given me, and the Friendship you express for me, are Tyes strong enough to bind me to your Interest the rest of

58 *The* DESPERADOES;

my Days; I have a Secret of no less Importance to communicate to you, which will fully make Amends for that which I heard unawares from you.

After this I laid hold of every Opportunity to convince her of my Affection, which the Diversions wherewith the Court was every Day taken up, allow'd me. In short, in a few Days there was no Room to doubt of the Progress I had made in her Heart: I thought, therefore, that the Time was come to hasten my own Happiness, and the Execution of my Design, by discovering my Sex. *Fidalme* had already press'd me earnestly several times to acquaint her with my Adventures, of which *Carilda* was no less curious of being inform'd; hereupon she redoubled her Intreaties, assuring me, that she should look upon this Instance of my reposing a Confidence in her, as the only Means of her testifying her Gratitude to me, by assuaging my Misfortunes, and uniting my Destiny to hers and the Princess *Carilda's*,

I promis'd her, therefore, to satisfy her; but her Impatience not suffering me to defer it any longer, this Night, said she, since you are acquainted with
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my Sex, I will come to your Apartment, and whilst every one is bury'd in Sleep, we may converse together with more Liberty; in the mean While, till that happy Hour arrives, let us go together to the Princess.

I follow'd her thither, and carry'd with me all my Hopes and Fears. A thousand anxious Reflexions occur'd to torture my Mind; I foresaw the Danger to which I was going to expose myself; 'twas the critical Moment which was to determine my good or ill Fortune; but nothing could defer it any longer: The Design of my Father's Deliverance, which had drawn me to *Arxalte*, and which the Discovery of *Fidalme's* Sex had delay'd; my Absence of about a Week, which it was by no Means convenient for me to protract any longer; the favourable Disposition which I found in *Fidalme*, who, under the Appearance of Friendship and Gratitude, was actually inspir'd with the most violent Passion for me. In short, every Thing seem'd to invite me to discover myself, and promis'd me a fortunate Issue.

I spent Part of the Day full of these Reflexions, at last Night appear'd, and

60 *The* DESPERADOES;

after Supper every one retired to his Apartment. It was not long before I saw *Fidalme* enter mine, who accosting me with a lively and passionate Air; How happy should I be, said she, if what you are going to tell me, were to assure me that I should never be separated from such a Friend as you; and thereby to afford me the Means to discharge some Part of the Obligations I have to you.

It shall be your own Fault, reply'd I, beauteous *Fidalme*, if you do not bind me eternally to you, provided that, after having forgotten the Offence I committed, in wresting a Secret from you undesignedly, which it was your Interest to conceal, you will likewise pardon the Confession I am going to make to you. I am not the Person which my Dress would persuade you to believe; my Sex is no less disguis'd than yours; suffer me then to put off this borrow'd Shape, and to assume another, more suitable to the Passion wherewith your Charms have inspired me.

An Information so little expected produced several different Effects in *Fidalme*; she blush'd with Shame, and she trembled with Fear: She would have gone out of the
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the Chamber, but I held her by the Arm ; my Resistance offends her, she is incens'd, flies into a Passion, and looking on me haughtily, with a fierce and threatening Eye. Ah ! Wretch, what have you done, said she ? All your good Offices are blotted out by this your Treachery ; what is your Expectation in drawing me hither alone in the Night ? Let me be gone, and if you don't respect this Place, where you are entirely in our Power, at least respect the Daughter of *Carilda*.

These Words were a stronger Inducement to me detain her ; wherefore, if your Extraction is to be respected, reply'd I, my Birth likewise commands the same ; and I dare assure you, that it will never prove any Obstacle to your giving Way to the Sentiments of your Heart. I am myself a Prince by Descent, and such a One that, provided my Love should render me worthy of your Affections, you need not blush to call me Husband : I have so long deferr'd acquainting you with this, only that I might be indebted to your Love for all my Happiness.

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Then

Then I recall'd to her Remembrance the last Words of her Ravishers; *Let us fly, 'tis the Prince*: and made her agree that they could only relate to me, since they were not spoken till the Moment they saw me; and she might perceive that their Arms and their Habits were of a foreign Make. Endeavour not then, fair Princess, continu'd I, to disturb such happy Moments by an unjust Anger, I am only guilty thro' the Excess of my Love; I would not discover myself until I could flatter myself with the Hopes of being belov'd; I did believe I was so, I own it; and notwithstanding your Haughtiness, I see my Pardon written in your Eyes: I was too dear to you but a Moment ago, for you to change so soon from Love to Hatred. I adore you; you ought no longer to doubt of my Extraction; you love me; why would you oppose our mutual Happiness, by refusing your Consent to a lawful Affection? 'Tis the Promise of your Faith that I demand, in Return for which I offer you the Promise of mine.

At these Words utter'd after a most passionate Manner, the Tears trickled down from *Fidalmé's* beauteous Eyes, and her
first

first Transports gave Place to softer Emotions. And who are you? said she, looking on me with less Anger; and what is the Cause of your being thus disguis'd? 'Tis a Myſtery, answer'd I, which I cannot reveal to you, until I have receiv'd your Promise to be mine; and in vain would you attempt to get it from me. If it related to myself alone, I should neither fear you, nor refuse you any thing; but this Secret is not mine, neither am I the Master of it. Let it suffice for the present, that I give you my Word to produce, even in this Castle, unexceptionable Witnesses of the Greatness of my Birth; and that I am one Day to wear a Crown, that is not in the least inferior to that of *Babylon*. To begin to give you some Proof thereof, which, altho' trifling in itself, becomes almost infallible, when join'd with what you have heard. See (continu'd I, taking out of a gold Box a Diamond-Ring, which I durst not wear upon my Finger, by reason of its immense Value) whether any other but a Sovereign Prince can be the Owner of this Jewel. No longer, therefore, adorable *Fidarme*, scruple to receive, as a Husband, a Prince who is resolv'd to stab himself before your Face, if you will not return his ardent Love. Yes, speak,

64 *The* DESPERADOES;

Speak, cruel as you are, my Fate depends upon you; pronounce my Sentence, it shall be executed without Delay: I have sav'd your Life, in Recompence give me the Death to which I aspire; this Sword which has defended you, and which I have kept as a Monument of my Triumph, ought only to serve against your Enemies, or against an unfortunate Lover.

To what a perplex'd Condition have you reduc'd me, cry'd out *Fidarme* on a sudden? Why have you so much inur'd me to love you? Love, under the Appearance of a pure Friendship, has taken Possession of my Heart with so much Violence, that all my Reason is no longer capable of overcoming it. You have wrested a Secret from me, which renders you Master of my Destiny; and you conceal yours from me, which no other would dispense with your not discovering: The Testimonies, which you give me of your Birth, seem, it is true, to encourage me; what I have heard leaves me no Room to doubt it: But, ought that to be sufficient for me? Ah! 'tis my Heart alone that I will believe; it belongs to that alone to remove all my Scruples; I accept your Faith then:
But

But if, by an unheard of Treachery, which, the Reserve wherewith you use me, might make me suspect, you should be capable of imposing on me, this Sword, said she, snatching it out of my Hands, shall revenge me both of my Credulity, and of my Weakness; it has blush'd in the Blood of my Ravishers, and it shall blush in mine: I swear by all that is most sacred! let the Gods be the Guarantees of my Vow; and let their Thunder, which is so much to be dreaded by perjur'd Wretches, strike me dead that Instant, if I survive, one Moment, the Dishonour of finding myself united to any other but a Prince.

I bound myself by equal Oaths, and ingaged to prove my illustrious Extraction to her the very next Morning; the Name of Son to the Murtherer of *Asmadeus*, was the only Sting that intruded to dash my Happiness; however, all my Hope was in Love. In short, after having observ'd the Ceremonies in Use amongst the *Persians* and *Babylonians*, we exchange'd our Vows solemnly, which gave me a Right to take Possession of that Happiness to which my Heart had aspired. But, how terrible was the Fall!

66 The DESPERADOES;

Fidalme did not fail to come early next Morning, and summon me to perform my Promise. Yes, said I, It is just that I should keep my Word with you; our Interests are the same; my Secret is yours; I am sure you are more mine than you are your own, or your Mother's; 'tis she alone that has withheld me from discovering myself; 'twas those impetuous Transports, whose Violence the whole Earth, now in Arms, has felt, which I fear'd, and which have forced me to Silence. *Forget then, beauteous Fidalme, that you are Daughter to Asma-deus, and remember that you are Wife to Florian, the Son of Prince Frontelm; join with me to deliver him from those Bonds under which he groans in this Castle; this is the Reason of my Disguise, and the Source of my present Happiness.*

No sooner had I spoken these Words, than I saw a mortal Paleness overspread *Fidalme's* Face: Surpriz'd at such a sudden Change, I ask her the Cause; she makes no Answer, I was alarm'd, and was going to redouble my Intreaties, when I heard her cry out, O! too deplorable Fate! into what an Abyss of Misery have we precipitated ourselves?
Hear,

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Hear, Wretch, and tremble! I am thy Wife, and thy Sister.

At these Words, I felt my whole Mass of Blood grow chill in my Veins; I durst not, however, ask her the Explanation of such a fatal Mystery, which striking at the Root of my Happiness, would force me to forsake a Wife whom I adored; but *Fidalme*, more jealous yet of her Honour than of her Love, confirm'd my Misfortune to me but too fully. Yes, said she drown'd in Tears, it is but too true that both of us owe our Lives to Prince *Frontelm*; you receiv'd yours from the Princess of the *Indies* his first Consort, and I am the only Offspring of the secret Marriage which unites him to *Carilda*.

This, Prince, is the fatal Stroke which terminates all our Differences, added *Florian*, addressing himself to *Formidaur*. Fatal Thunder! which, in falling on me, had not Strength enough to crush me in Pieces! Heavens! into what a wretched Condition were we plunged by this horrible Adventure! As for my Part, the Excess of my Surprise, and Grief, struck me quite dumb, and motionless; I resembled those whom the *Gorgon's*
Head

68 *The* DESPERADOES;

Head has turn'd into Stone; on the other Hand, the desperate *Fidalmé*, all dissolv'd in Tears, continually sent up the most mournful Sighs to Heaven, as if she would accuse the Gods as the Authors of our Misery. If sometimes our Eyes, escaping us against our Wills, happen'd to meet each other, immediately they were turn'd again towards the Ground, to save themselves from a Confusion, which redoubled our mutual Shame and Despair.

But what probability, cry'd *Formidaur*, interrupting him hastily, can there be in all that you have been relating? *Carilda* has but one Son, whose Name is *Fiorlindes*, born after the Death of *Asmadeus*. Is there any Likelihood that she should have had a Daughter by Prince *Frontelm*, who, according to your Account, must be above eighteen Years old, since it is hardly twenty that *Asmadeus* was kill'd by *Frontelm*, and it is certain that she long sought to revenge the Death of the former, and that the Obstinacy of her Revenge kindled a War, whose Consequences are still visible in the Troops that now overspread these Plains? How cou'd she change so easily from a declared Hatred, to such a violent

violent Love, as to throw herself, on a sudden into the Arms of an Enemy, whose Hands were still stain'd with her Husband's Blood? No, no, permit me to be a little incredulous concerning Facts so contrary to Reason; the Foundations of this Adventure rotter of themselves, and I hope that, in a little Time, by a more exact and-diligent Inquiry into the Truth, they will be entirely overthrown.

Alas! reply'd *Florian*, being flatter'd by my own Desires, I rais'd the same Objections my self, and seeking some Consolation in such exquisite Misfortunes, I propos'd my Doubts to *Fidalme*, who, that Moment, assured me so fully of my Unhappiness, by a succinct Recital of her Mother's Adventures, that it was no longer in my Power to question the Truth thereof: *Carilda* is certainly my Father's Spouse, and both the one and the other gave Life to *Fidalme*. I know that *Fiorlindes* is the Offspring of *Carilda*'s first Marriage with *Asmadeus*, that he was born within a few Days after his Fathers Death, and that he is living, and his sole Heir; but all this does not in the least hinder, but that *Fidalme* might be born a Year afterwards.

If

70 The DESPERADOES;

If you desire to know by what unaccountable Event my Father became *Carilda's* Husband, I will presently satisfy your Curiosity, and you shall see that cruel Fortune form'd this Union, only to render mine criminal: *Formidaur* seem'd earnestly desirous of being let into a Mystery which had been so long conceal'd from all *Asia*; wherefore *Florian* began the Recital as follows.

'Tis impossible but you must have heard that *Carilda*, was hardly eighteen when she became the Widow of Prince *Asmadeus*; she was then with Child, and the Grief which this Death caused her, hasten'd the Birth of Prince *Fiorlindes*, who had almost cost her her Life in coming into the World: Nevertheless, she recover'd, and retired to the Frontiers of the Empire, where lay the Dominions of her Son newly born. Altho' she was infinitely busied with the Care of his Infancy, she was no less intent upon taking a sudden and cruel Revenge for the Death of the Prince her Husband. The ordinary way of Arms seem'd too slow to her, wherefore she bent all her Thoughts upon finding a more speedy Method to destroy the Object of her Hatred

Hatred, and could find none more certain then to execute it by her own Hand.

In order therefore to effect what her Fury put into her Head, she set Spies upon *Frontelm*; who being then young, and happening to be a Widower exactly at the same time, travers'd the World to get himself a Name, and acquire a glorious Reputation. She soon discover'd that he was to be upon the Confiner of this Empire; and being informed that he was to lodge, on a certain Night; in a House where he used to lie, when he travell'd into those Parts, she took care to get there before him, accompanied only with one Attendant, who was privy to her Design.

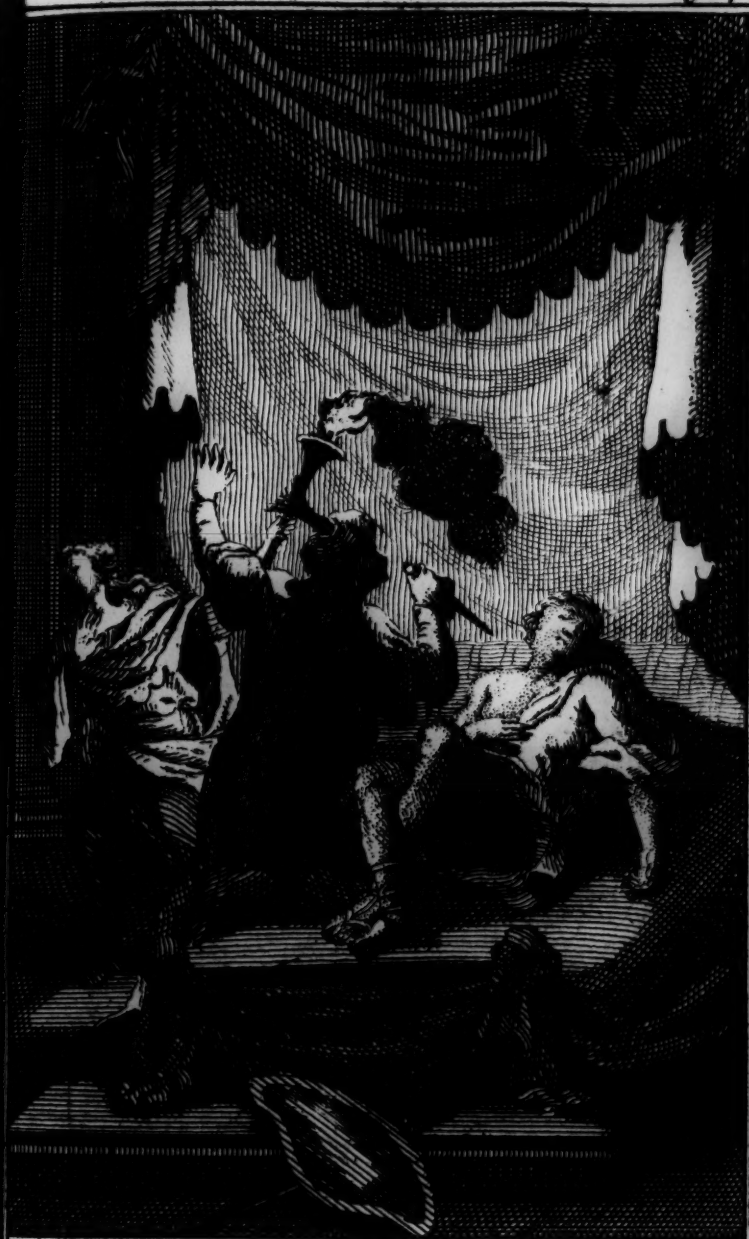
There both of them, having devised a plausible Pretence, prevail'd on the Master of the House, by the Force of Presents, to infuse into the Prince's Drink a soporiferous Liquor common enough in that Country, which has the Virtue to stupify the Senses, and render Sleep the exact Image of Death. The Prince did not fail coming to the Place as they had foreseen; after Supper, he threw himself upon a Bed, where the
Potion,

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Potion, which he had been made to drink, was not long before it produced its usual Effect, and threw him into a sound Sleep.

In the mean while *Carilda* remain'd conceal'd in a Chamber adjoining, which had a private Door that open'd upon the Prince's Bed-side; and no sooner did she believe herself sure that it was out of his Power to hear her, but she enter'd the Room arm'd with a Poniard, with her Confidante who held a lighted Taper. Already had she lifted up her Arm, to plunge the Steel in the Breast of this innocent Victim, when her Attendant, being seized with Horror at such a Sight, set the Taper down upon the Bed, and turning away her Head; Ah! Princess, said she with a trembling Voice, I have not the Heart to see you take away the Life, of the most amiable Prince that ever the World produced.

These Words suspending *Carilda's* Rage, excited her Curiosity; wherefore she turn'd her Eyes upon the Face of the Prince, whose Charms seem'd augmented by his Sleep; and at the very Instant that her Arm is ready to execute her Vengeance, being dazzled with the
Lustre



*Carilda going to Stalk Frontel in
his Sleep.*



Lustre of a Beauty which is very uncommon amongst Men, she became motionless, and the fatal Stroke is with-held: The Flames of deadly Hatred, wherewith she is animated, give way to the new Fires, which begin to take Possession of her Heart; and it seems infamous to her to attack a defenceless Enemy, whom a forced Sleep laid open to her barbarous Attempts.

Then blushing at a Reflection which she thinks so contrary to her Honour, her Anger revives again, again she lifts up her deadly Hand; but in vain does she Attempt to strike, it is again suspended by an involuntary Motion which the Prince makes in a Dream. *Carilda* is startled at it, she dreads his waking, retires some Steps backward, and turning towards her Confidante, to demand either her Assistance, or her Advice, no longer sees her. She trembles at finding herself alone, and fain would she have fled from him, but at the same time that she advances towards the Door, her Eyes remain fix'd upon the Prince, and her Heart again inclines her to go back to him.

In the mean while, as she no longer hears him stir, and she finds that the
Motion

74 *The* DESPERADOES;

Motion which he made cou'd be only the Effect of a Dream, she stops; and her Fears being dispell'd, by the Remembrance of the Virtue of the Potion, with the Strength and Continuance of whose Operation she was very well acquainted, she again returns back, and with eager Eyes devours all the Features of her Enemy. The perfect Assemblage of Graces which she discovers in him, soon opens a Passage in her Heart to Pity, which as soon gives Entrance to a more tender Passion. Nevertheless, being stung with the Remorse which the desire of Vengeance excites in her Heart, she knows not what to do.

Being irresolute, confounded, and agitated with various Passions, she goes, returns, sits down, rises up again, relents at his Sight, and recalls her Anger when she ceases to see him, till reproaching herself by Turns with her Cruelty and her Compassion, she remains without Motion. In short, Love struggled so powerfully with her Hatred, that, not being able to support the Conflict, she fell into a Swoon, which might perhaps have been her Death, if a fresh Accident had not restor'd her to Life.

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The Taper, which her *Confidante* had set upon the Bed, fell down and set fire to the Curtains that were round it; this dazzling Light struck *Carilda's* Eyes, and brought her to herself. She sees, ready to perish in the Flames, the Enemy whose Life she had not had the Heart to take; wherefore she rises, and endeavours, but in vain, to extinguish the Fire, which increases, till it comes pretty near *Fontelm's* Arm. As the strength of the Potion was almost over, by reason of the Time that had been spent in these different Agitations, the Heat of the Flame was not long before it recall'd his Sleeping Senses. He awakes then, opens his Eyes, and sees himself encompassed with Fire, which he soon extinguished, by pulling down what remained of the burning Canopy, and seizing hold of his Sword, which hung at his Bed's Head, starts up with Precipitation.

At this Motion, *Carilda* would have fled, but her trembling Knees refuse to obey her; whereupon *Fontelm*, surprized to find in his Chamber, at the middle of the Night, a young Lady of extraordinary Beauty, alone, with a Poniard in her Hand, and yet in such a Consternation

74 *The* DESPERADOES;

tion as hardly left her any Life, ask'd who she was? and what strange Design could have drawn her thither? Her Confusion kept her some time from answering; a lively Red, and deadly Pale, succeeded each other alternatively in her Face; Shame render'd her dejected, and Fear made her tremble; the fatal Effects of the contrary Emotions where-with her Heart was tortur'd! Upon this, the Prince moved to see her in such a Condition, press'd her yet more strenuously to tell him her Name, and accompanied his Intreaties with every thing which he imagin'd might dispel her Fears.

Then fetching a deep Sigh, and letting fall, with a Flood of Tears, the fatal Steel which she held in her Hand, she thus broke Silence: Behold before you, *Frontelm*, the unfortunate *Carilda*, the same whom your Inhumanity deprived of a Husband in Prince *Asmadeus*. The Desire of revenging his Death arm'd me against you; I came into these Parts only to plunge this Poniard in your Breast: But, O! too feeble Hands! truly unworthy of an offended Princess, since they had not the Courage to imbrue themselves in your Blood, altho' you lay

at my Mercy, bound in the Fetters of a profound Sleep, without Help, and without Defence. The Cruelty of my Fate, and your good Fortune, have protected you, in order to betray me; revenge your self, why do you delay? If you are afraid to dishonour your famous Sword by plunging it in the Heart of a weak Woman; take this unfortunate Steel, whereof my treacherous Hands could not make Use; let yours, which are more used to strike home, deprive me of a wretched Life, which I can no longer bear, but in Disgrace.

These Words were utter'd with such a lively Passion, that my Father sympathizing with the Sorrows of a Princess, who retain'd many Charms, even in Despair, forgot, in an Instant, that she had design'd his Death, and falling at her Feet, assured her, that the Misfortune of *Asmodeus* cou'd be ascrib'd only to himself; that that Prince had been the sole Aggressor, and had challenged him to a Combat, so that it was impossible for him to avoid it: At last, he drew his Sword, and opening his Bosom; pierce, said he, this Heart, it was innocent before the Sight of your Charms has now render'd it criminal; it dares adore you;

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where-

78 *The* DESPERADOES;

wherefore it deserves your Anger; every Instant redoubles its Crime, nothing can make it repent thereof, your Vengeance is now become justifiable. I find I can no longer live without loving you, and if I cannot love, without displeasing you, Death is the only Good that is left me to desire.

Such a moving and submissive Discourse was not address'd to one that was insensible; the Heart of *Carilda* already too much prepossess'd in Favour of *Frontelm*, and almost determin'd to surrender, was not long before it yielded to Sentiments so conformable to her own: Nevertheless, using her utmost Endeavours to conceal, in some measure, her Defeat; if Hatred and Revenge, said she, the most violent of all Passions, were not able to inspire me with Courage enough to take away your Life; how can you imagine, that I can invade it, when I am restor'd to my Reason, by those Sentiments of Compassion that are inseparable from my Sex? With what Face could I pierce a Heart which is offer'd so generously to me, and which, far from being incens'd at my rash Attempt, gives me so many Proofs of its Submission? But, compleat
your

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your Generosity, my Lord, and require nothing more of a Princess, who, notwithstanding the Nobleness of your Proceedure, and the Justice of her own, cannot avoid blushing at having so ill executed what her Duty seem'd to enjoin her.

In the mean while, reflecting that her Honour was concern'd, to be gone from the fatal Rock, upon which her Virtue would have been in Danger of being shipwreck'd, she bent all her Thoughts upon leaving that House as soon as possible; but the Prince conjured her not to go, without giving him at least some Hopes of Pardon. In making this Request, he express'd himself after such a pathetick Manner, that she was incapable of opposing any longer the Violence of her Inclination; and although she still affected to shew some Remains of Anger in her Words, her Eyes betray'd such different Sentiments, that *Frontelm* could no longer doubt of his Happiness.

He press'd her, therefore, so earnestly, that she gave him Leave to hope, that Time, his Submission, and Respect might obtain her Pardon; and that he might have an Opportunity to deserve it, she

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consented to his making her a Visit, as soon as she should be arrived in her own Dominions, towards which she took her Way the same Day: *Frontelm* suffer'd her to set out, and quitted the House himself some Hours after, and without taking Notice to any one of what had pass'd, followed *Carilda* by the same Road, and arrived, almost as soon as her, at the Place agreed on between them. In short, after that Love and Respect had silenced Hatred and Revenge, *Carilda* consented to espouse him, on Condition that their Nuptials shou'd be kept secret, till Time had terminated the Enmity that was between the two Nations.

The Prince, my Father, after a pretty long Stay there, was forced to be gone, that he might give no Suspicion of his Marriage; soon after which *Carilda* perceived she was with Child. 'Twas of the Princess *Fidalme*, whom she brought into the World, and educated with so much Secrecy, that her Confidante, who afterwards disclosed it to *Fidalme*, was the only Person who had any Knowledge thereof.

In the mean while, my Father frequently received Letters from *Carilda*, and
being

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being appriz'd of the Times and Places where he might see her, used to repair thither secretly, and in Disguise, and spend several Days in her Company. But what Importunity soever he used, to prevail on her to go into *Persia* with him, and to publish their Nuptials, he could never induce her to consent to it, She could never get it out of her Head, that the whole World, and especially the Emperor of *Babylon*, would not fail to impute this Marriage to her as a Crime. Wherefore, it has always remain'd buried in a profound Silence; to the End, alas! without Doubt, that it might one Day become the fatal Source of my Misfortunes.

Nothing can be more extraordinary, answer'd *Formidaur*, than the Story you have now related; but tell me, I beseech you, for what Design was *Fidalme's* Sex conceal'd? Alas! reply'd *Florian*, it seems to have been done only for my Ruin; I neglected inquiring the Reason; my Curiosity having proceeded no farther than to endeavour to find some Contradictions in this Adventure, which might be sufficient to create in me some Doubt of my Guilt. But, at last, being convinced that it was but too true, I examin'd

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into nothing farther, all the Rest seeming of no Importance to me, after such a fatal Confirmation. Such, O Prince, is the Abyss of Misery into which last Night precipitated me; it would be to no Purpose to trouble you with other Circumstances; let it suffice to tell you, that before Break of Day *Fidalme* retir'd, overwhelm'd with the most mortal Despair.

As for my Part, having reflected upon what had happen'd to me, and not being able to resolve upon supporting the Sight of my Father, after such a Misfortune, I gave over the Design I had form'd of visiting him. Wherefore, as soon as I was inform'd that *Carilda* was awake, and that one might have Admittance into her Chamber, I went to wait upon her, and giving her to understand that it was of the utmost Importance to me, to have a Conference this Morning with a Person, who was waiting for me near the Castle, by my Appointment, ask'd her Permission to go out for some Hours. Far from offering to oppose me therein, she gave Orders to an Officer, whom I heard, as I think, call'd the *Satrapa* of *Gore*, to provide me a Guard to convoy me to the Place
where

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where I was to go : Accordingly, I was not got to the Castle-Gate, when I perceiv'd that *Satrapa* at the Head of his Troop, who were preparing to follow me.

I had already observ'd, that from the Day of my Arrival, this Officer had not let slip one Opportunity of seeing me, and had always look'd upon me with an Eye, that made me suspect he was in Love with me. He seem'd to seize with Joy this Opportunity of obliging me ; but, as it did not at all suit with my Interests, to suffer him to be Witness to my Proceedings ; after having pretended to hearken with Complaisance, to the Assurances which he gave me of his Love, I told him, that it was of the greatest Consequence to me not to be seen with such a Retinue, which would be more likely to make me be discover'd, than to conduce to my Safety ; and that I could better escape the Knowledge of my Enemies when alone ; that therefore, it would be necessary for him to leave me to myself, if he desir'd I should return to *Arxalte* the same Day.

With this Hope, he gave me the Liberty to direct my Course which Way I
E 4 would;

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would; wherefore, being no longer observ'd, I went to the Village, where my Esquire was waiting for me; and quitting there my fatal Disguise, again put on my Armour, and took the Road that leads to the Camp. Being invited by the Coolness of this Shade, as well as the soothing Stillness that reigns in this Wood, as proper to moderate the Excess of my Anguish, as to shelter me from the sultry Heat of the Season, I gave Orders to my Esquire to go on softly towards *Racha*, whilst I sat down alone at the Foot of this Tree. You happen'd to pass this Way, and Chance would have it that you should over-hear the Complaints I was addressing to Heaven; see now whether I am not in the right, to maintain that my Misfortunes are superior to yours.

At these Words *Florian* ceas'd speaking, and again fell into a profound *Reverie*; *Formidaur* likewise kept Silence for some time; being taken up, probably, with the Reflections wherewith such unheard of Events inspir'd him: But, at last, not thinking that they were yet worthy to be put in Competition with his, he thus resum'd the Discourse.

Your

Your Condition, I own, Prince, is dreadful ; but, at least, you ought not to be without some Hope and Consolation. There is Room to admit of very great Doubts as to *Fidalme's* Birth ; it is only founded upon the Credit of an Attendant, who, may either have deceived her, or may have been deceived herself ; your Misfortune is not certain, and suppose it were, you have the Satisfaction to reflect, that it was not in your Power to avoid it ; if you have been guilty of a Crime, 'tis the Fault of Destiny, and not yours ; you have, to support yourself under your Sorrows, your Virtue, your Innocence, and the Uncertainty of your Fate : But, alas ! Wretch that I am ! Of what can I doubt ? Or what can I expect ? And who can offer me any Consolation ? I am guilty, and I know it ; I will be so ; and can see no other End to my Misfortunes, but *Shame*, *Despair*, or *Death* : Confess, therefore, that I alone ought to complain, and no longer contest with me the melancholy Advantage upon which I am forced to insist. Let that happy Sympathy, which the Knowledge of our mutual Misfortunes has created in our Hearts, restrain for the future, the Quarrels which the

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Enmity of our Fathers might otherwise have caused between us; or, at least, let us defer the deciding of them to another Time: Perhaps, on my Return to this Empire, I may have sufficient Authority to restore Prince *Frontelm* to the *Persians*; and so, by freeing them from the Obligation of revenging his Imprisonment, I shall save myself the Trouble of chastising them; but, if you still dare dispute with me the Pre-eminence of being the most unfortunate of Mankind, our Arms alone have a Right fully to determine this Contest.

This Proposal seemed no less haughty than generous to Prince *Florian*; nevertheless, as it was made by a young Warrior, whose Pride was always qualified by the Gracefulness of his Person and Behaviour, he answered him without Emotion; It is no small Affliction to me, Prince, to see that, in a Moment, your impetuous Passion should transport you so far, as to destroy both the Inclination which I find wherewith me to be your Friend, and even that within your Generosity may inspire you to my Advantage. You intermix, with so much Art, your Favours with your Menaces, that I am at a Loss to know whether I ought more to be

be offended, or to return you Thanks : But, since you are resolved to maintain by Force, what you cannot defend by Reason, it shall only be by accepting your Challenge that I will answer the Magnanimity of your Offers, and the Haughtiness of your Discourse.

At these Words, he pulled down his Vizor, *Formidaur* did the same, and both of them leaped upon their Steeds. As the Hill whereupon they were, did not afford a proper Place for a Combat on Horseback, they went down into the Plain, and already had they turned their Coursers towards each other, when they were alarmed with a confused Noise of Arms and Horses, which came from the Foot of the Mountain, on that Side which is towards *Arxalte*. This Noise suspended the Execution of their Design, and determined them to advance farther into the Plain ; when casting their Eyes towards the Place from whence the Noise seemed to proceed, they heard more distinctly a great Clattering of Men who were engaged behind a thick Covert.

They spurred thither then full Speed, and soon discovered through the Trees,

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a great Body of Horse engaged in a Fight that seemed very unequal. They were going to approach them, in order to be better informed, when a *Babylonian* dangerously wounded, came running towards them, and fell from his Horse at the Feet of *Formidaur*. The Prince happened to know him, and asked him the Meaning of what he saw; whereupon the Trooper answered in few Words, that an Officer of the Garrison of *Arxalte*, accompany'd with some young Noblemen of *Carilda's* Court, coming out that Morning, with five hundred Horse, upon the Scout, and in order to put a Stop to the Incursions, made by the *Persians* from their Camp before *Racka*, had fallen unfortunately into an Ambuscade of the Enemies, who had attacked him with so much Advantage, that he was constrained to retreat into the Wood, where he had made Head against them with all possible Bravery, but that, not being able to resist their Numbers, he had been killed himself, and that most of his Men were put to Flight.

At this News, *Formidaur* parted from *Florian*, galloped towards that Side by which the Runaways strove to get off, and thrusting in amongst them; *Babylons*,

nians, cried he, what is become of your Courage? Behold, and follow Prince *Formidaur*, who comes to revenge you. At this formidable Name, there was not one of the *Babylonians* who did not find his Strength return, and his Hopes revive, nor one of the *Persians*, who did not tremble with Fear. Their Belief that this Prince was absent, might have rendered his Words suspected, if they had not immediately been confirmed by Actions that left no Room to doubt them. The Lightning of his Sword soon redoubled the Terror which his Name had before struck into the *Persians*; and the *Babylonians*, less surprized at the Havock of his Arm, with whose Force they were already acquainted, than at the unexpected good Fortune which had brought him seasonably to their Relief, recovered their Courage in an Instant, and in a little Time, under the Conduct of such a Chief, put to Flight those very Enemies, whose Fury and superior Force they had just before experienced.

In the mean while *Florian*, joining with the *Persians*, had long supported them both by his Voice and Example; but his Valour could not prevent their yielding to the Fury of *Formidaur*, neither could
it

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it stop their Flight; and this young and unfortunate Prince saw himself, in an Instant, abandoned by his Men: Three *Babylonian* Officers, who came to attack him successively, received their Deaths; and just as he had overthrown the last, he saw another Knight, who came full Speed either to assist, or revenge them.

His Armour was black, and of a polished Steel, which, with the gloomy Colour wherewith Nature had overspread his Courser, inspired the Beholders with Horror. They stood still a Moment, as if to view each other; after which they rushed upon each other with such Fury, that their Lances were shivered into a thousand Pieces. Then they dismounted, as if by Consent, and, Sword in Hand, began the most horrible Combat that ever was beheld: The Buckler was no less useful than the Sword; the Strokes were so frequent and so violent, that *Vulcan's* Forge neither resounds with so much Noise, nor sends forth so much Fire. The Malignity of their Stars exasperated them so obstinately against each other, that, notwithstanding the Blood which gushed from every Part, they could not cease their Combat. At last, *Florian* making one last Effort,
gave

gave his Enemy a mortal Wound, which felled him to the Ground that Instant ; whereupon, turning to his Conqueror ; you have got the better, valiant Knight, said he, with a languishing Voice, which could hardly bring out the Words, I yield to you, and am going to dye : It was very just, O Heavens ! that such a fatal Night should be followed by the last of my Days. *Ab ! Prince Flor . . .* At this Syllable his Voice failed him entirely.

Hereupon *Florian*, suspecting that it was his Name which the *Unknown* would have pronounced, was moved to Compassion ; whereupon he try'd, as soon as possible, to ease him of the Weight of his Cask, which seemed to overwhelm him ; and lifting up the Vizer of his own Head-piece, put one Knee to the Ground, in order to support his unfortunate Enemy with the other. And who are you then, said he, looking on him more attentively ? You, who, after having dared to attack me with so much Fury, seem to have designed to call me by my Name, and to have known me. As for me, continued he, I only knew you to be an Enemy, and had no other Design against you, but to defend myself.

On saying these Words, he unlaced the *Unknown's* Helmet, and scarcely had he taken it off his Head, when he saw this unfortunate Knight fix his languishing Eyes upon him, and close them up suddenly, as soon as he had seen him; whilst he was, endeavouring earnestly to call to mind Features which pale Death would in vain have concealed from him.

Alas! wretched *Florian*, against whom do you think you have lifted your murdering Sword? Doubtless, you are not Mortal, if the Sight of such a mournful Object will not strike you dead. In vain, ye tender Lovers, do your Eyes avoid meeting each other; 'tis reserved for their Looks to pierce those Hearts which have escaped the Fury of your Swords. *Florian*, 'tis now Time, know your unfortunate *Fidalme*; no longer doubt it, 'tis she herself, the very same who, after having lost her Honour in your Arms last Night, is come here to dye by your Hand.

You said, but a few Minutes ago, that there could not be a Wretch more miserable than you under the Copes of Heaven ;



Florian finds it to be his Wife Fidalme ,
whom he had slain in Single Combat .



ven; look now upon yourself at this fatal Instant, and you will find you are a thousand times more forlorn than you was before. If the Horror of your Destiny has struck you motionless, if the Excess of your Anguish has taken away your Speech, cast your Eyes on that dear and dying Spouse, hers can no more lift themselves up to you; then lament in Silence; excessive Grief admits of no Complaints.

Yet are not your Misfortunes arrived at their highest pitch; it is no longer Time to deceive you, O most unfortunate of Princes! Your dear *Fidalme* is upon the Point of expiring. After that your Sword has brought her to the Brink of Death, one single Look from you gives her the last fatal Wound, and leaves her cold and motionless in your Arms. Ah! *Fidalme*, the desperate *Florian* sees it but too well; and falls himself in a Swoon, and almost dead by your Side, less affected with the Greatness of his Wounds, than with the View of such a dreadful Object. Such was the End of this horrible Combat.

It was a Spectacle worthy of Compassion to behold the one weltring in her
Blood,

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Blood, and the other overwhelmed with his Sorrows, both stretched out upon the Earth, at the Foot of a solitary Hill, and only seen by Heaven, whose dreadful Anger had declared but too visibly against them. Nevertheless, the Gods vouchsafed to cast an Eye of Pity upon this young and unfortunate Prince. Four *Persian* Troopers, who, in order to escape the Pursuit of *Formidaur*, had directed their Flight towards that Hill, happened to pass pretty near the Place where this unhappy Couple lay extended. One of them casting his Eyes by Chance upon *Florian's* Face and Arms, knew him to be their Prince, and shewed him to his Companions. Being very much surprized at such an unexpected Accident, they instantly dismounted, unlaced his Armour, and finding, by some Remains of Heat, that he was not quite dead, made Haste to bind up the Wound through which he lost most Blood.

This done, two of them being surpriz'd at the Beauty of *Fidalme*, endeavour'd likewise to give her some Assistance; but the Coldness of her Body made them soon believe that she stood in need only of Burial. Wherefore, without

out troubling themselves with that Ceremony, and even without discovering her Sex, thinking they had their Enemies still at their Heels, they bent all their Thoughts upon saving their Prince, whom they lifted upon his Horse, and one of them placing himself behind him; to keep him on, they directed their Steps towards the Camp, where they did not arrive till very late in the Night, being forced, on their Prince's Account, to ride but very softly.

There *Florian* soon receiv'd all the Assistance whereof he stood in need; his Wounds were instantly dress'd with all imaginable Care, and the Blood being stanch'd with some rare and pretious Balsams, he at last recover'd his Spirits; but his Senses seem'd so much disturb'd, that they were some time apprehensive he would have continu'd in that Condition. However, after several Days, in Proportion as his Wounds heal'd, he intirely recover'd the Use of his Reason; then it was that he remember'd his dear *Fidalme*. Wherefore, he ask'd what was become of the young Knight, that lay stretch'd out by his Side, after the Fight. Being told that they had left him cold, and not in a
Con-

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Condition to admit of any Relief, he fell into such a strong Fainting-Fit, that he was thought, for some Hours, to be without Life; and his Illness renew'd, throughout the Camp, the Sorrow and Mourning, which the Return of his Health had only suspended.

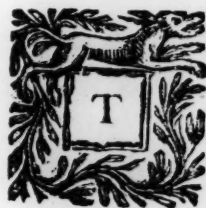


T H E



THE
DESPERADOES;
AN
Heroick Story.

BOOK II.



HE invincible *Formidaur*, after having routed the *Persians*, did not cease pursuing them, and making a dreadful Havock, till the Darkness of the Night forced him to give over the Slaughter. As the Eagerness of the Pursuit had separated him from the *Babylonians*,

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nians, he lost his Way, and did not perceive it, till he had no longer any Enemies to encounter. Then, finding himself alone, and feeling himself to be wounded, he rode to a Shepherd's Cottage, which he discover'd at some Distance, by the Means of a Light that was there burning; and being entred, and having his Wounds bound up, he threw himself upon a homely Bed, to wait the Approach of Day:

The Trouble of his Mind not suffering him to enjoy a calm Repose, the Morning hardly began to dawn when he arose; and the Shepherds having been inform'd, that the Castle of *Arxalte* was but a few Miles from their Cottage, and that it was the shortest Way he could take to go to *Babylon*, he set out for that Castle, where his Presence caus'd an infinite Joy. They conducted him into the Apartment of *Carilda*, who had left that Place a little before his Arrival, and he was no sooner there, than his first Care was to inquire after the Emperor's Welfare, and above all, after the Princess of *Babylon's*.

He was soon inform'd that *Agaristus* was very much alarm'd at the Invasion
of

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of the *Persians*, and that the amiable *Zelinda* had, for some Days, been bury'd in such a deep Melancholy, that the Physicians were apprehensive of her Life's being in Danger. The passionate *Formidaur*, did not in the least question, but that his Absence was the only Cause of all the Princess's Sickness; and with this Thought, withdrawing himself in private, he gave himself up entirely to his Grief.

A thousand cruel Reflexions occur'd to torment him; he fancy'd that, perhaps, the Gods had forced him to return to *Babylon*, only to be Witness to *Zelinda's* Death. This melancholy Thought disturb'd him to such a Degree, that his Wounds, which would not have been dangerous otherwise, soon became so; but the extreme Care that was taken of him, enabled him to leave his Bed on the third Day. Wherefore, without staying till he was entirely cured, he order'd his Armour to be brought to him, which he instantly put on, all but his Helmet, and resolv'd to set out for *Babylon*; but, being willing first to see *Frontelm*, he order'd Notice to be given him that he design'd to visit him; a little after which he went to his Apartment. These

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These two Princes were so much prepossess'd in Favour of each other, by the Reputation which they had both acquir'd, that they could not receive each other without a reciprocal Esteem: The Admiration, wherewith they were seiz'd at the first Meeting, bereav'd them of Speech for some Moments; whilst their Eyes eagerly ran over the Charms, which Nature seem'd to have lavish'd upon each of them to a Profusion. The Grace and Majesty which accompany'd all *Frontelm's* Actions, made the Prince of *Babylon* judge very easily, what he must have been in his Youth; and far from condemning *Carilda*, he secretly commended her, for having yielded her Heart to such an accomplish'd Prince. On the other Hand, *Frontelm* being dazzled with the Beauties, which a blooming Youth diffus'd all over the Person of *Fermidaur*, could not find Words to express the Sentiments, wherewith such an Assemblage of Charms inspired him.

However, the *Persian* Prince broke Silence first. The signal Favour which you vouchsafe me, said he, in making me this Visit, requir'd of me a more speedy Acknowledgment; but my Surprize and
Ad-

Admiration must serve as an Excuse for my Delay. The Respect I pay you, my Lord, answer'd *Formidaur*, is but very imperfect; I know it would be more suitable to your Worth and Dignity, to receive you, either with Splendor in *Babylon*, as a Friend, or at the Head of an Army, as an Enemy; and I cannot, without blushing, be myself a Witness of the Fortune that persecutes you: But the secret Inclination, which I feel insinuate itself into my Heart in your Favour, will be able soon to make Amends for her Injustice.

On saying these Words, he took him by the Hand, and both of them walk'd into the Prince of *Persia's* Closet, where they discoursed together for some time. In this Conversation, the *Persian* Prince gave as many Proofs of a consummate Prudence and Wisdom, as the *Babylonian* did of a lively Wit, and the greatest Politeness. This last, being a faithful Observer of the Promise he had made to *Florian*, mention'd not a Word to *Frontelm* of what he knew of his Adventures with *Carilda*, but contented himself with desiring an Account of the Particulars of his Combat with *Asmadeus*, after which he got up. *Frontelm* accompany'd
F him

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him to the Door of the Gallery ; but, seeing that *Formidaur* was fallen into such a deep *Reverie*, that he still walk'd on, without speaking a Word to him : I dare not attend you any farther, Prince, said he, here are the utmost Bounds of my Prison, I am not allow'd to go beyond them.

What ! answer'd *Formidaur*, taking him by the Arm, will you not venture to step out of this Gallery, and to walk over these Lodgings ? Ah ! come, Prince, pursu'd he laughing, I can authorize any Liberty which you shall take as well as another. These Words made the Prince of *Persia* fear that *Formidaur* had some Knowledge of his Marriage ; however, he continu'd following him, without taking any Notice of what he suspected. When they were arriv'd in *Carilda's* Apartment, *Formidaur* gave Orders to bring instantly the Prince of *Persia's* Armour, which, as soon as he had put on, they went together down Stairs, at the Foot whereof they found two beautiful Cour-sers, richly caparison'd, upon which they mounted.

Frontelm readily gave way to all these Proceedings ; but the more he reflected on them

them, the more he was perswaded that they could only end in a Combat on Account of the Death of *Asmadeus*; but the Heart, of the magnanimous Prince of *Babylon*, was actuated with a nobler and more generous Design: Too long, said he, has my Father detain'd you in this Place; this Action was both unworthy of his Rank, and of what is due to your Valour; follow me, Prince, the Governor of this Castle will not dare refuse you your Liberty contrary to my Orders; but if, being too rigorous an Observer of the Commands of *Agaristus*, he should be rash enough to oppose mine, my Sword should instantly open the Gates. *Frontelm* applauded a Resolution as generous as unexpected, and both of them rode towards the Castle-Gate, where they found the Governor, who was relieving the Guard, which consisted of fifty Men.

As the Prince of *Persia's* Vizor was up the Governor knew him, and seem'd surpriz'd, when *Formidaur* commanded him to set open the Gate. It shall be open'd instantly for you, said he, but as for Prince *Frontelm*, consider, my Lord, that I can't let him go out without an express Order from the *Soldan*. Woe be to you, an-

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swer'd *Formidaur* reddening with Anger, if he should stay here Sword in Hand; I know what I do, open the Gate, without any more Replies; you need not fear offending, in obeying my Commands.

These Words, spoken by a Prince so fiery, intimidated the Governor; he saw that it would be equally dangerous, either to use Violence against the Heir apparent to the Crown, or to comply with him; and the Terror, which *Formidaur's* Imperiousness had struck into the Hearts of the Soldiers, who seem'd to be wavering in their Duty, determin'd him what Course to take: He resolv'd, therefore, to obey him; but conjur'd the Prince to secure him from the Emperor's Displeasure. *Formidaur* assur'd him that he would, and enjoin'd him not to send any Notice thereof to Court, before he should be arriv'd there; 'tis my Business, said he, to be the Bearer of the News, to prevent being blam'd by my Father before unheard.

He set out then from *Arxalte* follow'd by *Frontelm*, and when they were upon the High-Road that lyes between *Babylon* and *Racha*, which are fifteen Leagues distant

distant from each other, *Formidaur* stopt, and looking upon *Frontelm*; I am call'd to *Babylon*, my Lord, said he, by such an urgent Concern, that an Hour's Delay would be a whole Age to me; you are now in Safety; this Road will carry you in a few Hours to your Camp before *Racha*; if my Assistance were necessary to you, there is nothing that I would not undertake to testify my Zeal to serve you: The Knowledge I have of your Merit would force me as much to be your Friend, as the Interest of this Empire will compel me, in a little Time, to declare myself your Enemy. I foresee how great the Emperor's Resentment will be against me, for having restored you to a Liberty, which will soon add such a considerable Reinforcement to your Army; but my Sword, if it must be so, will be able to make Amends for a Fault, which my Generosity has induced me to commit.

In giving me my Liberty, answer'd *Frontelm*, you have depriv'd me of the Power of being your Enemy for the future; the Inhabitants who are now besieged in *Racha* will soon receive convincing Proofs thereof. I am sensibly concern'd that your more important Affairs will

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not permit you to go in Person, and raise the Siege; and that they prevent my enjoying your Company any longer: 'Tis with Pain that I see myself constrain'd to tear myself from you; would to Heaven that all my Forces could be of any Service to you; I should think myself happy in procuring you all that Gratitude can inspire into a generous Soul. If 'tis owing to Love, that Hours seem whole Ages to you, happy the Beauty, who has the Power to produce such Effects in a Heart like yours! Go, Prince; go, and crown her Wishes, 'tis delaying too long both your Happiness and hers.

Formidaur could not help blushing at these Words, and was in some Doubt whether *Carilda* had not acquainted him with his fatal Passion. My Inclination and my Glory are equally gratify'd, my Lord, (reply'd he embracing him) in what I have done for you; the Fame of your exalted Reputation had previously instill'd into my Breast those Sentiments which your Sight has redoubled: 'Tis doing them Violence to part from you; but my Destiny compels me to leave you, and calls me elsewhere; perhaps, even to meet my Death: And
'tis

'tis offering you a very poor Present, to devote to your Service a Life that will be soon ended.

The Gods forbid! cry'd *Frontelm*, mov'd to Compassion; that Hand, which has lavish'd upon you so many Graces, cannot be sparing to you of its other Favours. *Formidaur* could not hear these Words without fetching a deep Sigh. Ye unjust Gods! said he, am I a Favourite of Heaven! Alas! Can I hope for any Favour from thence! Farewel, my Lord, added he, and instantly turn'd his Horse towards *Babylon*; whilst *Frontelm*, as much surpriz'd at this Exclamation, as griev'd to part with a Prince, whom he look'd upon as his Benefactor, went on towards his Camp, full of Gratitude, Love, and Admiration: As for *Formidaur*, to give a just Idea of his Trouble and Anxiety, whilst on the Way to *Babylon*, it will be sufficient to say, that with a Heart equally virtuous and passionate, he was on the Point of seeing again *Zelinda*, his Sister and his Mistress, whose Life was in Danger.

Next Morning he accosted a Cavalier, whom he met within two Miles of the City, without making himself known.

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He was inform'd by him, that the News which was spread of Prince *Formidaur's* Return, had given the Princess *Zelinda* so much Joy, that her Illness seem'd considerably abated. This Account restored the unfortunate Prince of *Babylon* to Tranquility, and made him judge how necessary his Presence was, to her whom he adored. Wherefore he hasten'd his Journey, and enter'd the City, giving Way, almost in spite of himself, to a more pleasing Hope, than ought to have been inspired by a Passion which he abhorr'd.

The Arms, wherein he had appear'd on the Day of Battle, soon made him known; the *Babylonians* received him with universal Joy, and the Prince having taken off his Helmet, in order to give them the Satisfaction of seeing his Face, seem'd to have more Graces and Majesty than he had before his Departure. Not contented with expressing their Love and Admiration by Shouts, and other Signs of the greatest Respect, the People even added Adoration; prostrating themselves before him in his Way, as before the Deity whom they ador'd, and following him to the Palace.

For-

Formidaur, being arriv'd there, went directly to the Emperor's Apartment; but, just as he was about to enter therein, Word was brought him that *Agaristus* was busy, and that he could not be seen; whereupon, his Impatience to see *Zelinda*, not allowing him to defer his Visit any longer, he hasten'd immediately to her, and found her in Bed, accompany'd only with her Women; the chief of whom, named *Rodiana*, who had suckled *Formidaur* and his Sister, went to receive that Prince, as soon as Word was brought of his coming, and conducted him to the Princess.

He had hardly approach'd her, when he cast his Eyes eagerly upon that beloved Face; but the more he view'd her, the more her pallid Locks represented to him the melancholy Image of Death. At this afflicting Sight his Eyes would, doubtless, have express'd his Excess of Grief, by a Flood of Tears, if his Reason had not still been strong enough to force him to constrain himself, and not add to the Sorrows of the dying Princess, whose languishing Eyes were no less intent upon him.

When *Formidaur* found himself near enough, to be heard only by her; Oh, Heavens! cry'd he, in what a terrible Condition do I find you, divine *Zelinda*! Must not I again behold you, after above fifteen Months Absence, without being tortur'd with the Fear of losing you for ever? Alas! your adorable Image has been able to preserve me from all Dangers, into which my Despair has made me run; may not I flatter myself with Hopes, that my Presence may have as much Effect upon you, as the Remembrance of your Charms has upon me. But, what do I say? Is it not an Addition to your Griefs, to hear, from *Formidaur* himself, that he has not had the Power to desist from adoring you?

Having thus said, he ceas'd speaking, and waited *Zelinda*'s Answer; but she, being satisfy'd with seeing and hearing him, kept Silence with her Eyes fix'd upon him. The too amorous Prince of *Babylon* was alarm'd thereat: You are silent, continu'd he, and I see, but too evidently, that my Love and my Return are equally hateful to you.

Here-

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Hereupon *Zelinda*, interrupting these last Words with an ardent Sigh, cry'd out, Ah! Prince, do not add to the Rigour of my Destiny by Reproaches, which I am so unhappy as not to deserve: My Virtue requires me to complain of your Return; but my Heart forbids my being displeas'd at your Arrival: At the same Time that my Reason makes me detest the Cause, my fatal Affection is so audacious as to approve it. Your Absence had brought me to the Brink of Death; your Presence seems to recal me to Life; and such is the Cruelty of my Fate, that I know not whether it would not have been less shameful for me to have dy'd with Grief for no longer seeing you, than to be restored to Life by the Joy I feel at your Return: Some Moments longer would have sufficed to end my Sorrows, by putting a Period to my Days; you are return'd too soon for my Glory, since you still love me, and I have not been able to triumph over my Affection. Ah! Prince, ought you to have given Ear to the Dictates of a Passion, which Absence and Time have not render'd less criminal? What Hope has induced you to return? What can
have

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have recall'd you to this Place? In short, why did not you leave me to my Death!

Formidaur seeing, thro' all the Princess's Complaints, the Pleasure she took in his Sight, and the Ardor of her Affection, felt his Love to her redoubled; and in spite of all his Virtue, *Zelinda's* Fidelity did not seem so criminal to him, as he would have thought her changing. Heaven is my Witness, reply'd he, what I have done to oblige Death to break my Chains; I have attempted all Enterprizes, faced the greatest Perils, and braved all Dangers; but my Destiny has surmounted every Thing. The Gods, who seem to have created us only to love each other, have forced me to return to you again, by representing you to my Imagination, when bury'd in a deep Sleep, in a Condition not very different from that wherein I now behold you. You call'd me to your Assistance, and you had but a Moment to live, if you did not see me. This Dream was an Order for my Departure; I did not hesitate thereupon, but flew to *Babylon* to be near you; I am come, and my Dream is real. I find you dying, my Sight restores you to Life;
you

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you see me again constant and passionate, and I find you faithful and affectionate; with what Crime can I reproach myself, or for what can you blame me?

Zelinda was just going to answer him, when they saw the Empress enter the Room, who, not doubting but *Formidaur* was with the Princess, had not sent any Notice of her coming, in order to surprize them. The Prince advanced to meet her, and having paid his Duty to her very respectfully, excused himself for not having seen her, on account of his having been informed that she was in the Emperor's Apartment, where he had been refused Admittance. However that Princess received him with a severe Air, and not being able to dissemble the Vexation which his Return and Eagerness to see *Zelinda* had given her: Your Duty, answered she with Heat, forbid your being seen by any one, before you had received Permission from the Emperor and me. The Tone, wherewith these Words were spoken, gave *Formidaur* to understand that she was not a Jot more inclined to favour him at his Arrival, than she had been at his Departure; and it was not without the greatest Difficulty, that

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that he mastered himself so much, as not to discover any Signs of his Resentment; wherefore, that he might avoid answering her, he went away that Instant, and passed on to the Emperor's Apartment.

This Monarch received him with more Goodness, and after some general Discourse about his Travels, was going to enter into a more particular Conversation, when the great Chancellor presented him a Letter, which he opened, and read to himself. Whilst he was perusing it, he changed Colour so often, and seemed to be in such a violent Perturbation, that *Formidaur* easily divined the Cause, and thought he ought no longer to delay speaking. Wherefore, this Letter, says he, my Lord, undoubtedly acquaints you with a Thing, of which I came to give you an Account myself. What frivolous Reasons, cried *Agaristus*, interrupting him in a great Fury, can authorize such a presumptuous Action? Who gave you the Rashness to set open the Prisons, for those who are detained there by my Orders? In what Court, or Kingdom, have you heard that a Son presumes to assume such an Authority?

I could not hear it in any Country, reply'd *Formidaur* coldly, because this is the only one in the World, where Princes have been known to have been made Prisoners, unless they have been taken Captives in Battle. I was informed that the Prince of *Persia* was only seized, because he was believed to have assassinated Prince *Asmadeus*; I have been assured, that he killed him fairly in single Combat, and with equal Arms; I thought that this Proof of his Innocence ought to be immediately attended with his Liberty, and that his Confinement was no less unworthy of you, than it was unjust with Relation to him.

You have pitched upon a very pretty Time to confer your Favours, answered *Agaristus*, transported with the most violent Anger, an Arm like his, no doubt, is not to be dreaded: But I see, too plainly, to what all your Designs tend. You think it long till I resign my Crown into your Hands; you believe, doubtless, that you could wear it with more Lustre than me, since your Presumption is come to that Height as to condemn my Actions, and you are bold enough to reproach me with them. *Formidaur*

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midaur had much ado to smother the Vexation which he felt at these Words: He was not insensible, however, at the Bottom of his Heart, of the Justice of the Emperor's Reproaches.

Well, my Lord, resumed he, with more Moderation; I have committed a Fault, I must own it, the Inclination I felt within me for Prince *Frontelm*, and my own Generosity, have perhaps carried me farther than my Duty would allow: But observe what will be the Effects thereof; after to-morrow, at the farthest, you will hear that the Siege of *Racha* is raised, and will see these Plains entirely freed from all your Enemies. That this will be so is certain, if the Prince whom I have obliged is capable of Gratitude, or is an Observer of his Word; but if he should break it, and should again dare to turn his Arms against you, will you not have my Sword to defend you? *Formidaur*, reply'd the incensed Monarch, you have too much Presumption, and will force me at last to forget that I am your Father. But I, said he, will never forget that I am your Son: Would to Heaven that I was not so!

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These last Words were spoken so low, that they were not heard by the *Soldan*, who that Moment turned from him, and went into another Room, whilst *Formidaur* retired to his own Apartment, followed by all the Courtiers, who strove who should be the foremost to testify the Joy they felt at his happy Return. He received them with so much Grace, and Majesty at the same Time, that not one of them went from him without at once loving and revering him.

Being disengaged from these Visits, and it being Time to to take his Rest, he went to Bed, where he was no sooner laid, but he began to ruminate upon the Emperor's Anger ; the cold Reception given him by the Empress ; his Conversation with *Zelinda* ; the Violence of their mutual Love ; the Pain she had suffered for his Absence , the Joy she had felt at his Return ; the Necessity of languishing at the Sight of each other ; their unshaken Constancy in surmounting all the Obstacles that seem to separate them, and the Constraint, nevertheless, wherein they were obliged to live : Having revolved all these in his Mind, this Complication of Misfortunes forced him
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to conclude, that Hell could not inflict greater Torments upon a Wretch than he endured; these Reflections took up his Thoughts so much all that Night, that Day was already far advanced, when he had not been able to close his Eyes one Moment.

On the other Hand, the Princess was in no less Perturbation; loving to Excess, and abhorring her too great Affection, she could not help giving herself up, at the same Instant, to Joy and Sorrow: No sooner did Night come on, but she dismissed all her Attendants, that she might be left at Liberty to reflect upon all the Occurrences that had happened that Day. She had already been informed of what had passed between the Emperor and *Formidaur*, on the Prince of *Persia's* Account; and the Consequences with which she foresaw that Affair would be attended, together with the violent Conflict which her Love and Virtue occasioned in her Heart, forcing her to sigh and moan, caused such a cruel Disorder within her, that being equally spent both in Body and Mind, she remained almost motionless.

Rodiana, her Nurse, who loved her tenderly, and who, being more in her good Graces than any other, lay in the next Chamber, perceived her Anguish. She thought she even heard her talking to herself; wherefore she got up on a sudden, and drawing near the Door, a Flood of Tears, Sighs, and Groans saluted her Ears, which were, at last, followed by these Words.

Great Gods! What have I done to you? And what is it, you require of me? If the Love which I bear my Brother renders me criminal, blast me with your Lightning that I may no longer remain so: I would have died, and you force me to live. Why do you send back my Lover, to snatch me from the Grave, which was gaping ready to devour me? Ah! I see the Reason, ye unjust Gods! You will have me suffer without Intermiſſion; you will have *Fomidaur* and me burn without Hopes of finding any Remedy for our Flame; you will have us see each other continually, and converse together incessantly, that being the Confidants of our mutual Sorrows, we may thereby add to the Violence of our Pains.

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On saying this, her frequent Sobs prevented her further Complaints; wherefore *Rodiana*, being sensibly afflicted with the Princess's melancholy Condition, reproached herself a thousand Times with having let her suffer so long. She was not ignorant of *Formidaur's* Passion, but was far from thinking that *Zelinda* was so sensible thereof as she found she was by her Expostulations; she thought, therefore, that in such a terrible Juncture her Assistance was indispensable. She enter'd then into *Zelinda's* Chamber, drew near the Bed, and finding her almost without any Senses, used her utmost Efforts to recover her; which, when she had effected: What, said she, lovely Princess, should a Person of Magnanimity suffer herself to be thus cast down? Do you repose so little Confidence in her, that has nursed you, as well as *Formidaur*, to conceal your Afflictions so long from her, and thereby deprive her of the Means of giving you any Comfort? The Heavens are not so very averse to you as you imagine; the more malignant their Influence seems, the more favourable they may become; they, begin no doubt, to declare themselves in your Favour, since they have conducted me hither

ther so seasonably to overhear, and to relieve you: 'Tis in my Power to end your Sorrows, charming Princess, be assured thereof.

The Confusion these Words caused in *Zelinda*, made her keep Silence for some time; the unhop'd for Relief that was offer'd her seem'd too sudden not to be chimerical; wherefore she only cry'd out *Rodiana*! what have you heard! and what Remedy can you propose to me, at a Time when Death is all my Desire? Live, beauteous Princess, answered *Rodiana*, kissing her Hand, live, let *Formidaur* live, and let both of you still love each other, nor blush any longer at your mutual Affection, The Heavens which have rendered your Love so violent, will find a Way to render it lawful.

Is this, reply'd the young Princess in a Passion, the Remedy which you boast of finding to my Sorrow! that I should flatter myself with the Thoughts of not being *Formidaur's* Sister! and that I should hope to be united to him by Marriage! Ah! *Rodiana*, what Pleasure do you take in imposing on me? I do not deceive you, answered she, and since

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I must speak more intelligibly to you; *Formidaur* may be yours, and there is no Obstacle to hinder your being joined in Marriage.

Zelinda, being confounded, fixed her Eyes attentively upon her, as if she would have sought in her Looks for the Truth of her Words; nevertheless, being amazed to hear a Person speak in that Manner who had been so long devoted to her, and whose Sincerity she had experienced a thousand Times, she smothered the Reproaches which her Incredulity suggested to her. *Rodiana* perceived it; wherefore, dispel your Doubts, continued she, Princess, and give an entire Credit to what I shall say: *Formidaur* is not your Brother; this Secret is only known by the Empress and me, she would never forgive my having revealed it, but the Hope that you will not abuse the Confidence I venture to repose in you, forces me to disclose it, as a Cure for the Violence of your Afflictions.

If the Princess could at first have given an entire Credit to such unhop'd for News, she would have been in Danger of expiring with the Excess of Joy which
would

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would have seized her Soul; but the little Probability which she found therein, suspended a Conviction which would have proved of too dangerous Consequence. Nevertheless, the Fidelity which she had always found in *Rodiana*, introduced insensibly into her Heart a Ray of Hope, which gave her a Glimpse of a Possibility in what she advanced; but being equally agitated with Desire and Fear, she durst not desire an Explanation of this Mystery. At last, after a profound Sigh, she thus broke Silence, with a Voice that seemed to ask whether she ought to live or dye.

Ah! my dear *Rodiana*, after the mortal Wounds which Heaven has given me, how can it ever declare in my Favour? Does not it make use of your Zeal, to raise my Soul to too flattering Hopes? Alas! if it be so, these officious Lies, far from affording me any Ease, will become the most deadly Poison to me; wherefore inform me, I conjure you, with Sincerity of the Truth of an Adventure so little to be believed: I hope; and I fear; but I rely on you.

Live and be happy, cry'd *Rodiana* briskly, I repeat it once more, you are
not

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not *Formidaur's* Sister; I am incapable of any Diffimulation. On saying these Words, she sat down on the Princess's Bed, and went on as follows.

The Empress your Mother had been married seven Years, without being able to bring up any of the Children of which she was delivered. She was infinitely afflicted thereat, and the more, inasmuch as, besides the Aversion which this Misfortune might draw upon her from the Emperor her Spouse, she was in danger of seeing herself divorced, if she did not soon bring him Successors.

Things were in this Posture, when a War broke out between the King of *Arabia* her Father, and the King of *Egypt* his Neighbour; and the Emperor of *Babylon*, thinking himself obliged to fly to the Assistance of his Father-in-law, marched into *Arabia*, at the Head of a numerous Army, and took the Empress along with him, that she might have the Satisfaction of again seeing, the illustrious Persons to whom she owed her Birth.

There she soon became with Child, and spent the first Months of her Breeding with the Queen of *Arabia*, whilst the
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the two Kings followed by their Armies, advanced towards *Egypt*. But, as the Empress was perpetually taken up with the Care of not miscarrying with the Child whereof she was big, she asked the Consent of the Queen her Mother, to go and compleat her Time in the *Fortunate Island*, situated on the Borders of the *Red Sea*, where the Air is extremely pure, which she imagined might contribute to her Health:

This Design was attended with all the Success that could be desired; for, one Morning, at nine Months End, she was delivered there of a Prince: You know, as I have often told you, that I was born in that very Island. I was then there in the Flower of my Age, being married to a Pilot; and happened just before to have lost a Girl of six Months old, whose Death had afflicted me extremely. Wherefore, in order to divert my Grief, I took a Walk, the very Day the Prince of *Babylon* was born, to the Sea-side, which was but a Mile distant from my House.

I had stay'd there some Time, and was preparing to return homewards, when towards the Point of a Rock,
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which stretches out into the Sea, and defends that little Country from the Impetuosity of the Waves, I perceived a Galley, which, by the Help of many Oars, advanced at a great Rate towards the Shore; with Design, as I found afterwards, to take Shelter from the Winds, in a sort of Harbour, which Nature had formed there. I walked then up to the Top of a little Hill, joining to the Highway, and stopping there, saw the Galley come to land, and several Persons, mixed with Mariners, disembark with Precipitation. At last, appeared a Lady magnificently dressed, upheld under the Arms by her Domesticks, and supported by the Hand of a young Cavalier, who was the handsomest, except *Formidaur*, that ever my Eyes beheld. He helped this Lady to sit down gently upon the Sand, and in an Instant caused a great Number of Cushions to be brought, upon which they laid her down; after which he left her, and walked up the Hill alone, towards the same Place where Curiosity had detained me.

By Chance he cast his Eyes upon me; for, through my eager Desire to see the End of this Adventure, I could not resolve

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solve to stir one Step from thence, although being alone, and in the Flower of my Age, I ought to have been apprehensive of some troublesome Accident. I saw him then come up towards me, and as he drew near, his Countenance seemed to grow more serene. He accosts me, and asks, if it would be difficult to find a Woman in the Neighbourhood, who could give speedy Relief to a young Stranger, who being affected by the tossing of the Sea, was seized with very violent Pains, which seemed to be the Forerunners of her Labour.

The uncommon Gracefulness of the Cavalier, inclined me to offer myself to do him that Service; I judged that Heaven had directed my Steps that Way, only that I might be the Instrument of saving the Mother and the Child that should be born of her. He seemed overjoy'd at my Offer, and taking me by the Hand, made me walk down the Hill, with a thousand Protestations of rewarding me handsomely for my Trouble.

A Tent was instantly pitched at the Foot of the Hill, pretty near the Sea, and a Bed made whereon the Stranger lay down ; her Charms were such, although

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a little clouded by her Paleness, as seemed to me not to be equalled by any but those of the Cavalier, whom I found to be her Spouse : I offered to provide her a Lodging in my House, but he refused it, giving me to understand that it would be more dangerous to remove her, let the Distance be never so little, than to let her pass the Night there in a mild Season, and in such a temperate Air as was in that Island.

I insisted upon it therefore no longer, and the Event justified his Foresight ; for a Moment after, being seized with very strong Throws, she was delivered of a Son, whose budding Graces and Beauty did not in the least degenerate from the Charms of his Father. To prove this I need only tell you, that this very Child was *Formidaur*. As all manner of Necessaries were wanting, I wrapt him up, as well as I possibly could, with some Linnen that was given me. After I had sufficiently provided for the Wants of the Mother and the Child, as it was already Night, every one returned into the Galley to take his Rest, except four Soldiers, who stay'd to keep a sort of a Guard about the Tent, leaving no-body with
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the Lady but her Husband and my self.

I continued there for some Time, holding the Child still in my Arms; but, as he cry'd perpetually, and I could by no means make him quiet, I thought it would be best to carry him out, and deliver him into the Hands of one of the Guards, that he might not disturb his Mother, who had just fallen asleep, as was likewise her Husband. I returned afterwards into the Tent, where I had hardly Time to sit down, before I heard a Noise, as of something that fell from some Height by the Side of the Tent.

Hereupon I immediately got up, and going out a little Way, distinguished pretty near me, besides the Cries of *Formidaur*, who was in the Arms of the Man to whom I had given him, the Voice of another Child that was crying upon the Hill. I ran then to the other Guards, who had heard the same Noise, and two of them walking up the Hill, I went before them with a Light. We then perceived, near the Top of the Tent, which was even with the Side of the Hill, a Child newly born and wrapt in most magnificent Swaddling-Cloaths.

I took him up, very much surprized, and gave him the Breast, nor were the Soldiers, who accompanied me, less astonished than myself. However, thinking that Fortune was willing to provide their young Lord with Linnen suitable to his Condition, which he wanted, they ordered me to pull off the second Child's Cloaths, and dress the first therein. This was immediately put in Execution, after which I hastened eagerly into the Tent, with Design to acquaint the sick Lady and her Husband with this extraordinary Adventure. But as I found them both in a very sound Sleep, and that they had not been disturbed by the Noise, I thought it would be better to defer it till they awaked.

I sat down again then as I did before, holding in my Arms the last Child, who made not the least Noise, whilst *Fermidaur* continued his Cries in the Hands of the Man that held him; who, in order to remove him farther from the Tent, had carried him more up the Hill, and endeavoured to quiet him by walking up and down softly. In this Condition, the Morning had not yet begun to dawn, when I heard young *Fermidaur* cry more

violently than ever: Hereupon I ran thither, leaving at the Foot of the Bed, the Child whom I held asleep. I had hardly got half way up the Hill, when I saw the Guard who held *Formidaur* furiously assaulted by a *Babylonian*, who said, as he attacked him, Ah! Traytor, are you taken?

The Soldier, being thus set upon, laid *Formidaur* upon the Ground; and, Sword in Hand, stood upon his Defence. The three others, who were about the Tent, came likewise to his Assistance; but they were soon surrounded by a large Body of Horse, some of whom taking up *Formidaur*, carry'd him away full Speed, whilst the others attack'd the four Guards in such great Numbers, that, notwithstanding they made a very vigorous Resistance, they could not avoid falling under their Swords.

This Sight terrify'd me so much, that as soon as ever I perceiv'd the Soldier first assaulted, I betook myself to Flight, and ran to hide myself behind a Covert not far distant, where I waited, trembling, the Event of the Combat; being no less concern'd at the Alteration, which such a great Disturbance would probably

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cause in the Lady's Health, than at the Danger to which her Child was exposed.

At last, in about an Hour, hearing no Noise, and every Thing seeming to be still, I came out from my Covert, and return'd towards the Hill, but could neither find Tent nor Bed there: On the contrary, I saw the Galley cut the Waves full Sail, and perceiv'd some dead Bodies stretch'd out upon the Ground. I had the Curiosity to examine whether the Body of that amiable Cavalier was one of the Number; but, after a diligent Search, it was not to be found, which gave me a sensible Joy; I could only discover those of the four Soldiers who had watch'd that Night about the Tent after which, more dead than alive, I resolv'd to return home.

I was no sooner arriv'd there, than I was inform'd that the Empress had been deliver'd of a Prince the Day before; and next Morning, I heard it publickly reported, that this Prince had been run away with in the Night; but that, some few Hours afterwards, they had snatch'd him from the Hands of his Ravishers, who were kill'd upon the Spot.
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The Nurse having been examin'd concerning it, accus'd a private Man, who was seiz'd and put in Prison. He own'd the Crime, and declar'd, that, having got Entrance, by a Window, into the Chamber where the Prince of *Babylon* lay, he had carry'd him off, and made his Escape towards the Sea-side, with Design to destroy him therein; but that, finding himself close press'd upon by those that pursu'd him, as he was posting along the Highway, and being seiz'd with Fear and Remorse, he had let it fall from the Top of the Hill. He would confess no more, neither would he accuse any one, notwithstanding the exquisite Torments which they made him suffer, and in the midst of which he expired.

Hereupon reflecting upon all the Circumstances of this Adventure, and on that which had happen'd to me, I did not in the least doubt, but the Exchange I had made of the Swaddling-cloaths had occasion'd a Mistake; and that the Child whom they then call'd *Formidaur*, and who was look'd upon as Prince of *Babylon*, was Son to the Stranger whom I had seen land in the Island; whilst she had taken away with her in her Galley

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the Son that was born of the Empress. In order to inform myself more certainly, I went to the Palace three Days after this Accident, where I heard that this Child was found again safe and sound with the same Swaddling-Cloaths and Ornaments.

These Proofs were more than sufficient to convince me that I was in the right; since I had myself stript the Prince of *Babylon* of his sumptuous Cloaths, and had dress'd *Formidaur* therein. I desir'd, therefore, to be introduc'd to the Empress, which was granted me, and, after having obtain'd Leave to be heard by her alone, gave her a sincere Account of all that I had seen.

Such a positive Information disturb'd her very much; wherefore, she order'd the Child immediately brought to her; it was so, and I remember'd the Cloaths. She then bid me undress it, to see if it had a Mark in the Shape of a Rose, which she had observed on her Son near his Left-Elbow; but, not finding any such Token, she remain'd convinced of the Exchange, which she suspected before but too much. She charged me, therefore, on Pain of the most rigorous Punishment, to keep this Accident inviolably secret; and in
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order to bind me to it the more strongly, discharged the Nurse she then had, on different Pretences, and settling me in her Place, made me oblige my Husband to follow. I staid there then, and nursed the Child with a Satisfaction, to which, the Affection wherewith I was prepossess'd for his Father, whose Image I could never banish from my Eyes, contributed not a little.

In the mean while, the Empress spared neither Pains nor Money to discover what was become of her real Son ; she sent Messengers along the Sea-Coast towards *Egypt*, and to the Gulph of *Persia*, but could never hear any News of him. As the Man who had run away with the Prince, had died without naming his Accomplices, the Suspicion fell upon various Persons. The Right which Prince *Asmadeus*, your Uncle, would have had to the Crown, made some think very disadvantageously of him: Others accused the King of *Egypt* thereof, he being the professed Enemy of this Empire. However it was, the Thing has always remained uncertain, and the Apprehension the Empress had of seeing herself Childless, made her resolve to conceal her Loss, and to bring up *Formidaur* as if he had been her own Son. A

A little after, she returned to *Babylon* with the Emperor, and had not been long there before she found herself with Child. Then she proposed to discover to the Emperor the Exchange that had happened in the *Fortunate Island*, if she should be so happy as to be delivered of a Prince; but as she only had a Daughter, she deferred declaring this Secret till a more favourable Time, which her new Fruitfulness gave her Reason to hope. Nevertheless, her Hopes were but vain, and you, fair Princess, was the last Product of their conjugal Love. This was to her a fresh Reason for keeping Silence, and she resolved upon it so much the more willingly, because *Formidaur* growing no less in Perfections than in Years, gained the Affection of every Heart; and the Emperor, who believed him his Son, and look'd upon him as his Successor, made revert unto the Empress the Delight he took in him.

You are not ignorant after what Manner *Formidaur* and you were brought up together; but the Empress perceiving, even at the Age of fourteen, that the Love he bore you surpassed the Bounds of
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brotherly Affection, conceived an Averfion againſt him; and began to reproach herſelf with the Injuſtice ſhe committed, in concealing a Secret which would deprive the lawful Heir of the Crown, and would put it upon the Head of a Stranger, whoſe Extraction was not known to any one. She was twenty Times upon the Point of revealing it, but the Shame of having concealed it ſo long, and the Uncertainty how it would be received by the Emperor, ſtill reſtrained her, till *Formidaur* being abſent, ſhe did me the Honour to conſult me what Reſolution ſhe ſhould take.

As ſhe only mentioned to me the Love he had for you, without diſcovering to me that you any way returned it, and, as nothing in your Conduct made me ſuſpect it, I adviſed her to wait the Iſſue of *Formidaur's* Abſence, during which, either Time or Fortune might ſtart a ſeaſonable Opportunity to break Silence. In the mean while, ſhe has never ceaſed making the Emperor obſerve the Prince's Paſſion, with the little Submiſſion he paid to their Commands, in order to inſpire him with ſo much Indifference, that he might not be greatly concerned when he hears that he is not
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his Son. But since she finds him at his Return, adored by the People, with the Reputation of being the most renowned Knight in the Universe, and the only one who is capable of opposing his formidable Arm against the innumerable Forces that overspread these Plains, she is in such a Perplexity, that she does not know what Course she should resolve on.

This, charming Princess, is the History of the Birth of your illustrious Lover, which I have only concealed from you, on Account of the rigorous Orders that were given me, and because I did not believe that your Love to him was as violent as his : But now, that Chance made me discover your Sentiments, I could not help violating the Obedience I owe to the Mother, in order to save the Daughter's Life.

You ought then to be persuaded, for the future, that *Formidaur* is not your Brother; and that, if the Force of your Destiny, and his great Qualities, induce you to love him, there is no Nearness of Blood between you, that can be any Obstacle thereunto. The Majesty that is conspicuous in his Person, with the
Cir-

Circumstances to which I was a Witness, demonstrate but too evidently that he is of a noble Extraction; the People adore him, and look upon him with Admiration as the worthy Successor to their Emperor; and this Prepossession in his Favour would make 'em behold with Joy the Nuptials of two Persons whom they have always respected as their lawful Princes, and the Master-pieces of Nature.

The Heart of *Zelinda* overflowed with Joy, in Proportion as, in the Course of this Recital, the particular Circumstances and Events assured her that it could not be a Fiction. No sooner was she persuaded that it was true, than she began to think after what Manner she must behave to *Formidaur*, at a Time when the Ties of Blood would no longer serve as a Curb to their Desires, which were so much the more difficult to overcome, and consequently more dangerous, as they seemed to be become more lawful.

A Thousand Inconveniencies at once offered themselves to her Thoughts. To discover to a severe Father, as well as to a People prepossessed in his Favour, the Error wherein they had so long lived, would

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would be to deprive herself of the Object of her Love. Scarcely could he preserve himself in Favour till then, with the Advantage of being reputed his Son; what will be his Fate, if he is only looked upon as an Unknown, and the Child of Fortune? Being incapable of being her Husband, can he fail of being abhorred by the Emperor, and of seeing himself forced to leave the Court.

Not to discover it but to him only, would it not be exposing herself too much? Would not a Confidence of this Nature render him too assuming? Shall she keep a profound Silence, and let him dye, when she can restore him to Life with one Word? The very Thought kills her; already her Heart thinks it long till her Tongue has disclosed such an affecting Mystery.

Nevertheless, she is no less perplexed with the Thoughts how he will receive this News: How does she know but he would have preferred the Title of Prince, and Heir to a great Empire, to the uncertain Hope of being her Husband? In fine, shall she marry him in private? Is this an easy Thing in the midst of a numerous Court, surrounded with Domesticks,

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ticks, whose Discretion is not to be rely'd on, and by a Crowd of Courtiers the busy Observers of their Prince's Actions? Such solid Reflexions make her give Way by Turns to Grief and Joy; the latter, however, was too strong not to triumph over the other, and all Obstacles whatever: They yielded then at last to her Transports, which seemed to promise her, for the future, a long Series of the greatest Happiness.

She embraced *Rodiana*, and expressing her Gratitude to her by a thousand tender Caresses, told her a hundred times that she owed her Life to her: They consulted then together how the Princess was to behave herself; and after a long Deliberation it was concluded; that the first Step to be taken was to reveal to *Formidaur* the Secret of his Birth, to hear what he would say upon the Matter, and afterwards determine what Course she should take: *Rodiana* confirmed her in this Resolution, pray'd her to compose herself, and left her to her Rest. Then *Zelinda*, being entirely taken up with the Happiness which such a fortunate Change seemed to foretel her, gave herself up to the Sweets of a Repose, to which she had long been a
Stran-

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the Stranger, and which lulled her into a
Sleep that lasted several Hours.

It was already broad Day before she awaked, nor did she open her Eyes, but to see this tender Object of her Love enter her Chamber. Her Heart fluttered at his Sight; it was no longer the Visit of a Brother, but that of a dangerous Lover, to whom she was going to disclose a Secret, upon which all her Happiness depended. The Serenity that appeared on her Countenance, and the Graces and lively Colour that was diffused all over her Face, were agreeable Proofs of her having had a good Night. *Formidaur* was preparing to testify to her his Joy on this Account, when he perceived that a deadly Paleness usurped their Place.

O Heavens! cry'd he out, what new Indisposition seizes you at my Sight? Is it Hatred, Princess? Or is it Love? Speak, I am ready to sacrifice all to restore you to Tranquillity. My Lord, answered she, my Fate is in your Hands, and my Life depends upon you. If your Presence has caused the Alteration which you have observed in my Looks, I have great Reason to fear, that the News whereof I am going to inform you, will
pierce

pierce your Heart with the most cruel Anguish.

Heavens! What do you tell me, reply'd he with Vehemence? Explain yourself, I conjure you; if I am not to be depriv'd of your Esteem, and your Company, what Stroke have I to fear? No, resumed *Zelinda*, you will neither lose my Love, nor perhaps my Sight; but, dread the Loss of an Empire, to which you have no longer any Title. What! said *Formidaur*, has the Emperor formed a Design to disinherit me? And is he not to be appeased otherwise for the Liberty I thought myself obliged to give to the Prince of *Persia*? His Anger will soon cease when he sees his Army departed. Or, is it my Love to you that redoubles his Hatred? And will he punish me for that with the Loss of his Kingdom? Ah! would to Heaven that I was not his Son! I would renounce with Joy all my Pretensions to it.

What! cry'd *Zelinda*, using her utmost Efforts to hide the Satisfaction which these Words gave her, would you be willing to renounce your Title to the Empire, on Condition you were not my Brother? Can you doubt it? reply'd the

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he eagerly, provided such a Change produced no Alteration, neither in your Esteem, nor in your Love. Well then, pursued *Zelinda*, with her Eyes sparkling with Joy, be satisfied ; I can inform you, that I am the only Offspring of the Nuptials of the Emperor and Empress, and that you are not their Son ; and I declare to you, at the same Time, that I will sooner cease to live, than I will cease to love you.

Formidaur surprized, could not give Credit to this News, although it was told with as much Joy as Frankness. Ah ! cease, cry'd he out, adorable Princess, to create a Disorder in my Soul ; have you any need to try my Love by such Fictions ? Can that Heart, which has a thousand times endeavoured earnestly to lay down its Life for you, be now alarmed at the Loss of Empire ? Why do you excite in me Hopes that would be but too flattering ? And why do you raise me up to the highest Pitch of Fortune, only to make me more deeply sensible of the Fall ?

No, no, my Lord, continued *Zelinda*, with a more serious Air ; be undeceiv'd ; my Design is not to try your Affection ;
Truth

Truth guides my Words; and you are not my Brother. I had one, 'tis true, but he was hardly born, when, by a prodigious Effect of Chance, he was carried off by Force, and you was substituted in his Place, without its having ever been possible to discover either what is become of him, or to whom you owe your Birth. This extraordinary Adventure was only known by the Empress, who has taken great Care to conceal it, and by *Rodiana*, who, being moved to-night by my Sighs and Lamentations, has, in Pity, imparted this Secret to me. The Story and the Circumstances are long, you may hear them from herself.

The amorous *Formidaur* was too much concerned to believe an Event so necessary for his Repose, to be willing to call it in Question a second Time; wherefore, full of Joy and Hope, he fell upon his Knees, and imprinting a thousand ardent Kisses upon the Hand of this adorable Mistress, express'd himself in these Terms.

What! Is this then the cruel News with which you was afraid of piercing my Heart? Rather say, that you was willing to qualify the excessive Pleasure where-

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wherewith it is transported. No, the Fall from a Throne, with the Hopes whereof I have flattered myself hitherto, is not capable of dashing such a perfect Happiness. I have now no other Interest in this Empire, but to preserve your Heart, which, without Regard to the Emperor, and at the Hazard of my Life, I shall be able to dispute with the whole Universe. But, alas! How do I know what would you wish yourself, and what is in your Power?

These Words were attended with a Sigh, which testified either a Fear of Fortune's Inconstancy, or of *Zelinda's* changing. She seemed offended thereat; Wherefore, if I can't do all that I would wish, said she, I shall be able, at least, to resolve on all that is in my Power. Neither the Force, nor the Authority of my Father, or even the Loss of my Life, shall be able to triumph over my Fidelity. Ah! can you think, that a Heart, whereof all my Virtue could not deprive you, when I thought its Love criminal, will ever find any Thing powerful enough to extinguish its Passion, when it is become lawful? No, no, if it was tender enough to give itself to you, it has Resolution enough to refuse any other Engage-

gagement; and this Hand shall be no less constant in reserving itself for you alone, in Contempt of all the Thrones that can be offered me. If Fortune has not made you Prince by Birth, I promise, and swear, that *Zelinda* shall know how to make Amends for her Injustice.

To such tender Promises, *Formidaur* could make no other Answer but by Tears, which Joy and Love made him shed upon the Princess's fair Hands: But whilst he was indulging himself in this Happiness, Heaven was again preparing him new Misfortunes.

That very same Night, the Emperor happened to complain to the Empress of *Formidaur's* Presumption, Disobedience, and Want of Respect; but above all, the dangerous Love wherewith he still seemed to be inflamed towards *Zelinda*, and whereof that Princess did not seem to be insensible. After having exaggerated the ill Effects which such a Behaviour might produce in the Kingdom, and the Aversion wherewith it inspired him, he had pushed his Resentment so far, as to reproach her with bringing into the World a Prince of such a Nature.

On the other Hand, the Empress, whom the Fear of drawing upon herself the Hatred of *Agaristus*, had till then, restrained, thinking it a favourable Opportunity to reveal her Secret to him, began by blaming *Formidaur*, and condemning his Boldness; then, after several far fetched Hints, she ventured to tell him, that she could not help thinking frequently that this Child had been changed at the Time that their Son was carried off in the *Fortunate Island*, and that his Nurse likewise had the same Suspicion. At last, finding that *Agaristus* did not seem very much moved at this Assertion, she proceeded so far as to relate to him ingenuously all the Particulars of this Adventure.

The Emperor reprimanded her severely for having so long concealed a Secret of such Importance; he then recalled to Mind the melancholy Loss of his Son, for which he only comforted himself with the flattering Thought of humbling *Formidaur's* Pride, and manifesting his Justice, without any one's being able to accuse him of too much Severity.

Accor-

Accordingly, immediately after his Levee, he sent for *Rodiana*, who confirmed to him all that the Empress had said. Hereupon, being informed that *Formidaur* was then with *Zelinda*, he resolved to go to that Princess's Apartment; and having ordered that no Notice should be given of his Coming, that he might surprize them the better, entered so suddenly, that he caught *Formidaur* tenderly kissing the Princess's Hand, at the same Time that she was assuring him of her Constancy, and her Resolution to reserve her Heart for him, in Spite of all the Attacks to which she might be exposed.

The Emperor's Anger is exasperated at this Sight; it is no longer restrained by the same Motives, which had hinder'd it till then from breaking out: Wherefore, he gives it Vent against an Object, which is become yet more hateful to him than before. Rash Wretch! cry'd he, with what Face dar'st thou lift thy seducing Eyes, to a Princess whom thou believest thy Sister? Are such Sentiments worthy of a Prince, a Knight, or a Man of Honour? I much wondered indeed, that a Heart capable of such a criminal

H

Pas-

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Passion should ever have been formed of my Blood. Heaven, which can no longer suffer thy impious Errors, has made it appear, at last, to me that thou art not my Son. Be gone, and seek a Father in the deepest Recesses of the most dreadful Forests: *Babylon* and my Court produce no Monsters.

Formidaur stood in need of all his Love, to restrain the Emotions which this Discourse caused in him; however, though he was ready to burst with Resentment, he only answered coldly: Whilst I believed myself your Son, my Lord, I behaved myself to the Princess like a Prince, a Knight, and a Man of Honour; if Fate has forced me to love her more than one ought to live a Sister, far from condemning my Passion, lament its Fatality. I thought myself honoured in being your Son, and you had no Reason to blush at being my Father: But, in short, our Tyes are now broken; if I am not of Royal Extraction, I shall at least know how to live and die like a Prince. I don't at all regret losing to-day the Title and the Dominions, my Arm will know how to conquer them; and 'twas too little for me to hold them only by Descent from my Father.

Be

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Be gone then, reply'd the Emperor, and let this be the last Time of thy appearing before the Eyes of the Princess of *Babylon*; leave this Empire, and enter it no more, or thy Head shall pay the Forfeit of thy Presumption.

Heaven grant, resumed *Formidaur*, that *Zelinda* may continue faithful to me! We shall then see who will be the rash Wretch, who will dare aspire, against her Will, to her Possession: I little fear your Threatnings, my Sword alone might be able to brave them, and you shall see me again when it is a proper Time. He spoke these Words in such a haughty Tone, that the Courtiers were dismay'd thereat; but *Agaristus* seeing him go out of the Room, did not think proper to push Things farther. He knew his Courage, and his Boldness, and being no Stranger to the Esteem of the Court, and the Affection of the People, for a young Warrior, whom they had long looked upon as their lawful Prince, he thought it would be dangerous to have Recourse to Violence against him.

As soon as the Emperor saw him gone, he drew near the Princess's Bed-side, and

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reproached her with her Complaisance to *Formidaur*. Banish him your Memory, for the future, continued he; remember that this Day you become the only Heir-ess to my Dominions; that an Unknown without Father, and without Name is unworthy of you; leave to me the Care of choosing you a Husband, whose Rank is answerable to your Birth; and think only of obeying me.

The Princess, as much confounded, as grieved, at the rigorous Banishment to which her Lover was condemned, and trembling with the Fear of seeing the exasperated Hero return back to take Revenge for such an outrageous Affront, could only oppose a mournful Silence, to the Fury which animated the incensed *Agaristus*.

The Emperor then, being withdrawn to his Apartment, resolved to assemble his Council, to declare therein the Fate of the supposed Prince of *Babylon*, and to take Measures to punish him, if he should be so rash as to violate his Prohibition, and stop within his Dominions. But *Formidaur*, enraged with spite against the Father, burning with Love to the Daughter, in Despair at leaving her, and over-joy'd

joy'd at being beloved by her, went and armed himself without Loss of Time. He little troubled himself with asking a more particular Information from *Rodiana*; however, Chance brought her in his Way, as he was going out of the Palace: One may imagine the Nurse's Sorrow, in being acquainted with such a precipitate Departure.

She gave him all the Consolation that lay in her Power; he relented at these Proofs of her Affection: You see, said he, *Rodiana*, the Course that I take; I leave an Empire without Regret, but 'tis only to preserve myself for the Princess. Believe, however, that I would not so easily resign it, on your Report alone, and that of the Empress, whose Hatred to me has been always visible; I should be able easily enough to maintain myself therein, by the Subversion not only of this Kingdom, but the whole World, if the Marriage of the Princess, whose Promise I have, did not give me a new, and yet more glorious, Title to this Empire.

'Tis with this Thought that I am going, and that I leave a Crown with Joy; I shall know how to conquer it by means

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which will make *Agaristus* too happy in accepting me for his Son-in-Law. I flatter myself with the Hopes that *Zelinda* will, perhaps, have Resolution enough to combat, in my Favour, all the Obstacles that may arise; and you, dear *Rodiana*, you, who are to me instead of a Mother, since I know no other, love me as your Son, and employ your utmost Care to procure me a Happiness, which is to crown my Wishes. What have not I to fear? Good Gods! I tremble at the Thoughts. To what Wiles are they not going to have Recourse? Is it possible the Princess should withstand them? Ah! 'tis from you, *Rodiana*, that I expect Assistance; preserve me her Heart, and assure her that there are no Means, which I will leave untry'd, to render myself worthy of the Gift she has vouchsafed to make me of it; I will put them in Execution so seasonably, that whoever shall dare dispute with me that glorious Prize, shall find what an Arm can do, which is guided by exasperated Love. Woe be to thee, *Babylon*, if thou darest to refuse for thy Monarch the Person whom *Zelinda* shall choose for her Spouse. I will shake thy very Foundations, and my Fury shall leave therein eternal Monuments of an unparallel'd Revenge.

At

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At Testimonies of his Love, that were so tender and so terrible at the same Time, *Rodiana* could not refrain from Tears. To sooth him therefore, she promised that she would leave nothing undone to convince him of her Fidelity; and as an undeniable Proof of *Zelinda's* Constancy, she acquainted him with the Condition wherein she had found her the Night before; which was a great Subject both of Hope and Comfort to this perfect Lover: In this Condition he left her, and instantly mounted his Courser.

The News of this extraordinary Event being already diffused throughout the City, the People being informed of the Destiny and Banishment of this young Hero, gathered together in Crowds to see him depart. He rode with his Vizor up, and with a grave and serene Air. All prostrated themselves before him, and all received a gracious Salute. What a Prince, what a Hero do we lose at the same Time. One might hear them cry on every Side; who knows what Fortune will give us in his stead? Behold, said some, with what unshaken Constancy he bears the Loss of an Empire:

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pire : He sets a greater Value on being our Princess's Lover, than on being her Brother with a Crown. Who deserves her better than him, replied others. Well ! since they are not allied by Blood, let them be allied by Matriage ? What a fortunate Union, and what a Happiness would it be to the Nation, if Heaven should grant us such a Prince.

Formidaur listened with Pleasure to such flattering Discourses ; overjoy'd to possess the Hearts of a People, over whom he hoped one Day to reign, he quitted *Babylon*, leaving the Inhabitants in such a profound Sorrow, and such a terrible Confusion, as seemed to foretel the most amazing Revolutions.

The End of the Second BOOK.



T H E



THE
DESPERADOES;
AN
Heroick Story.

BOOK III.



WHILST the *Babylonians* were lamenting the Loss of *Formidaur*, the *Persians* again beheld their Prince with as much Satisfaction as Astonishment. *Frontelm* as overjoy'd to see himself again at Liberty, as grieved

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to be parted from the new Friend who had procured it him, went on with all Speed towards his Camp before *Racha*. He arrived there the next Morning early, where his Presence filled all Hearts with Joy and Admiration, and dismounted at the Tent of his Son *Florian*. That Prince was recovered from his Swoon, wherefore, as soon as he perceived *Frontelm*, he strove to conceal his Sorrow, that he might not be obliged to inform him of the Cause thereof.

After then that they had mutually given each other reciprocal Marks of the most tender Affection, and of that Pleasure they took in seeing each other, *Frontelm* acquainted *Florian* with the generous Manner of his being set at Liberty, from the Castle of *Arxalte*, by *Formidaur*: and told him, that in Acknowledgment for this important Service, he was resolved to make the Army decamp the very next Morning, to begin his March towards *Persia*, and to cause all Acts of Hostility to cease throughout the Empire.

Florian approving of *Frontelm's* Design, he proposed it to the Council of War; and the King of *India* not seeming to oppose

pose it, all the rest declared for it, so that the very next Morning the Army began their March. *Florian*, who began to recover of his Wounds, resolved to follow in a Litter, till such Time as they should entirely be healed, and permit him to mount on Horseback. As soon as *Frontelm* had quitted the Emperor of *Babylon's* Dominions, and was arrived in his own Territories, he thought proper to disband Part of his Forces; reserving to himself but twenty thousand Men, with which he accompanied the King of *India* to the Frontiers of his Kingdom; where he parted from that Prince, and directed his March towards *Susa*.

He was within four Days March of that City, when he was informed that the *Tartars* were entered into *Persia*, at the Instigation of *Agaristus*, with an Army of sixty thousand Men, and committed horrible Ravages wherever they marched. He was then sensible of the Mistake whereof he had been guilty in disbanding his Troops. In order to retrieve it, he dispatched Courier after Courier to King *Isdigerdes* his Father, to desire him to make fresh Levies of Horse, which might join him without Delay.

Some

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Some Days after, he received Advice that the *Tartars*, not contented with having made great Havock in the Country, had incamped before *Doristan*, to which they were preparing to lay Siege. This News induced him to direct his March that Way, and advance towards a Fortrefs, under which he might post himself, and wait for the Succour which he expected to be sent from *Susa*. Being arrived there, and within eight Miles of the Enemy, he passed the Night there.

Next Morning some Scouts, who had been sent out to get Intelligence, brought back Word; that the Enemy having left thirty thousand Men before *Doristan*, to carry on the Siege, were advancing towards him, with an equal Number of Forces, to give him Battle, before the Arrival of the Succour which he expected. They had scarcely made this Report, when he saw a thick Dust arise at a Distance, which made him judge that the *Tartars* were approaching.

Fontelm, not in the least daunted, posts his Infantry at the Foot of a Hill, draws it up in Order of Battle, and flanks it on each Side with a Body of Cavalry.

Flo-

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Florian, who only sought to end his Misfortunes by a glorious Death, desired the Command of one, whilst *Frontelm* placed himself at the Head of the other. Hereupon the *Tartars*, finding that the *Persians* were preparing for a vigorous Defence, slackened their March a little, and advancing in good Order, did not halt, till they were within a Bow's shot of their Enemies.

They had imagined that *Frontelm* would not be in a Condition to make Head against them; and had flattered themselves with the Hopes of a speedy Victory, both by Reason of the Superiority of their Numbers, and the prodigious Valour of the General who commanded them. 'Twas the famous *Leon-zard*, the most fierce and most terrible Warrior that ever the *North* had produced. His very Look made Men tremble, his Arm never missed its Blow, and his Sight alone was sufficient to strike a Terror into whole Squadrons.

As no Knight, for some Time, had dared to oppose him, either in the Lists, or in single Combat, in order to keep up his Courage, and satisfy his savage Temper, his ordinary Employment was to encounter

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counter Bears, Tygers, and Lyons: He
would rush into the thickest of the For-
ests, in pursuit of the most furious Mon-
sters, which never failed expiring under
the Force of his Arm.

The great *Cham* of *Tartary*, to whom
he was related, had put him at the
Head of his Army, not so much with
Design to conquer *Persia*, as to send a-
way a Man so savage, and so capable of
overturning his whole Empire: Where-
fore, he was surprized at the Rashness of
the *Persian*, who expected him without
stirring; imagining his Sight alone would
have put him to Flight. Finding him
stand firm, contrary to his Expectation,
he ordered the Signal of Battle to be gi-
ven, and marched up directly to his Ene-
my, whilst *Frontelm*, not only put him-
self in a Posture to give him a warm Re-
ception, but advanced forward also on
his Side.

The Earth was covered in an Instant,
with these two Torrents which over-
spread it; it trembles under the Feet of
the Horses; and the Air resounds, at a
Distance, with the Violence of the Blows
that are given on both Sides; whilst the
Springs which the pointed Spears open
in

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in the Hearts of the Combatants, give Rise to the Rivers of Blood that begin to overflow the Plain. The Swords soon succeed to this Kind of Fighting, and the Noise grows so terrible, that whoever is not wounded, is sure to be stunn'd; in a Moment all are engaged, and it becomes a dreadful Scene of Rage and Fury.

The desperate *Florian* exposes himself to the greatest Dangers, and meets with inexhaustible Relief from his Despair; *Frontelm*, by his Courage and his Prudence, counterballances, as much as possible, the Superiority of his Adversary: He wounds, breaks through, and overthrows. His glorious Actions would have seem'd Prodigies, if he had not been to defend himself against the formidable *Leonzard*: But, what human Force could have resisted him? A dreadful Slaughter points out all his Footsteps; he breaks thro' whole Squadrons; whoever sees him at a Distance loses his Courage, and whoever waits his Approach loses his Life.

In less than an Hour the *Persian* Army was obliged to give Ground, and was upon the Point of being entirely de-

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destroy'd, when a Knight, arm'd *Cap-a-Pe*, and bearing the *Image of Death* painted upon his Shield, appear'd upon the Top of the Hill. No sooner had he cast his Eyes upon this horrible Engagement, and upon the two Armies that maintain'd it, when he knew *Frontelm*, by his Arms, and by his Valour. But, at the same Time, being startled at the terrible Massacre made by the *Tartar*, incensed to see that all yielded to his Strength, and earnestly desirous to vanquish this formidable Warrior, he spurs his Horse, flies down the Hill, and rushes with Fury into the midst of the Battle.

The *Persian* Troops, which gave Way, open him an easy Passage; he shoots into the thickest, and whilst with a resistless Arm he bears down all before him, he animates the Others with his Voice. Courage! *Persians!* cries he; does one single Man make you retire! has he then more than one Sword? Mine is no less used to cut off Arms, and strike off Heads: Cease, cease to fear; *Formidaur*, your Prince's most faithful Friend, comes to assist you.

Every

Every Stroke justifies the Truth of his Words; every One confesses him a famous Warrior, blushes at his own Cowardice, and again takes Heart: The Run-aways stop their Flight, rally again, and face the Enemy with Resolution. *Formidaur* rushes still forward, seeks *Leonzard*, and sees him engaged with *Florian*, who, full of Despair, was equally bent upon Death or Victory: *Zelinda's* Lover discover'd him just at the Instant that one of the *Tartar's* Blows had fell'd him from his Horse.

In order to prevent a second Stroke, he rushes in between them, flies upon *Leonzard*, obliges him to quit *Florian*, and face about to him; and, as a Signal of his Defiance, lets fall upon him such a furious Blow, that, sending to the Ground Part of his Shield, he gives him a large Wound in his Left-Shoulder. *Leonzard* is no less astonish'd at the Boldness of the Knight, who dar'd to attack him Face to Face, than he is at the Blow he feels; wherefore, as if he was asham'd of destroying none but Run-aways, and was overjoy'd with finding a Hero worthy of his Sword, he aims a Stroke at him, which would have

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have cleaved him in two, if *Formidaur*
had not had the Address to ward it off.

At the Sight of such a terrible Onset, every One left a large Space round them, and then it was that they began a Combat, no less dreadful, than important to both the Armies; who, besides the Success they expected from thence, saw themselves, at least for some Time, deliver'd from the Fury of those two formidable Swords.

Whilst *Formidaur* was thus engaged with his undaunted Adversary, *Florian* being remounted, put himself again at the Head of his Soldiers, to help them recover that Ground they had lost; *Frentelm* likewise, being inform'd of the Slaughter the *Tartar* had made on that Side, flew to their Assistance. He was told, as he drew nigh, with what Valour the Prince of *Babylon* had repell'd the Fury of *Leonard*, at the Time when the *Persian* Troops were routed. He knew him at a Distance, and was greatly overjoy'd, to see that such a famous Hero was come to his Assistance. Accordingly, he knew so well how to take Advantage thereof whilst the two Warriors were engaged, that he encouraged
his

his Men anew, and led them on to the Charge with so much Valour, that he soon made a horrible Slaughter of the Enemy.

In the mean while the Combat between *Leonzard* and *Formidaur* still continued; the former, more exasperated, by the unexpected Resistance which he meets from one single Arm, bends all his Thoughts upon overwhelming him with the Violence of his Strokes, whilst the other, making Use of all his Address to render them fruitless, is wholly intent upon being before-hand with him. Both of them were cover'd with Wounds, from which the Blood gush'd on all Sides; when, at last, *Formidaur* gave his haughty Adversary such a terrible Wound, that he fell'd him to the Earth, where he expired belching out the most horrible Blasphemies. The Effort *Formidaur* made at that Instant forced him out of his Saddle, and he would have fallen to the Ground, if some Troopers had not received him in their Arms.

The Fall of *Leonzard* drew along with it the Overthrow of his whole Army; those that then remained unbroken, being violently press'd upon, on one Hand, by
Fron-

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Frontelm, on the other by *Florian*, and on all Sides by the *Persians*, betook themselves immediately to Flight; not one of them would have escaped, if the News of *Formidaur's* Death, which was then spread about, had not come to the Ears of *Frontelm*.

This melancholy News would not permit him any longer to pursue the Run-aways; he flew to inform himself towards the Place where the Combat was fought, and met a Company of Soldiers, who were carrying this Hero upon their Arms to the neighbouring Town. On discovering him, the Sight forced Tears from his Eyes; but, finding that his generous Soul had not yet taken Leave of its Body, he accompany'd him to the Town, where he was soon put into the Hands of able Surgeons, who, by their precious Balsams, restored him to his Senses and his Voice.

No sooner did this valiant Hero open his Eyes, but he perceiv'd *Frontelm* and *Florian*, whom Fear and Sorrow had made almost as dying as himself; their Presence entirely recall'd departing Life. They each of them embraced him, and never ceased returning him all the Thanks that
Love

Love and Gratitude could inspire. Ah! Prince, cry'd *Frontelm*, shall I always receive new Favours from your Hands? and will Fortune never vouchsafe to offer me an Opportunity of being serviceable to you, at the Hazard, if necessary, of my whole Kingdom, and even of my Life?

My Lord, answer'd *Formidaur*, I shall perhaps, be forced, in a little Time, to request but too much of you; hitherto Fate has oppress'd me with the Weight of its Cruelties; a thousand Times have I complain'd thereof, as the Prince your Son can testify. Heaven seems, at last, to be grown propitious to me, and I ought so much the more to rejoice thereat, because the Assistance you offer me will be able to crown the utmost of my Wishes.

The two Princes were so much overjoy'd with this Discourse, that they already burnt with Impatience, to know on what Occasion Fortune would afford them an Opportunity of serving him; but the Repose, whereof he stood in Need, obliged him to defer acquainting them. They quitted him then, and went to give Orders for the Army's returning
to

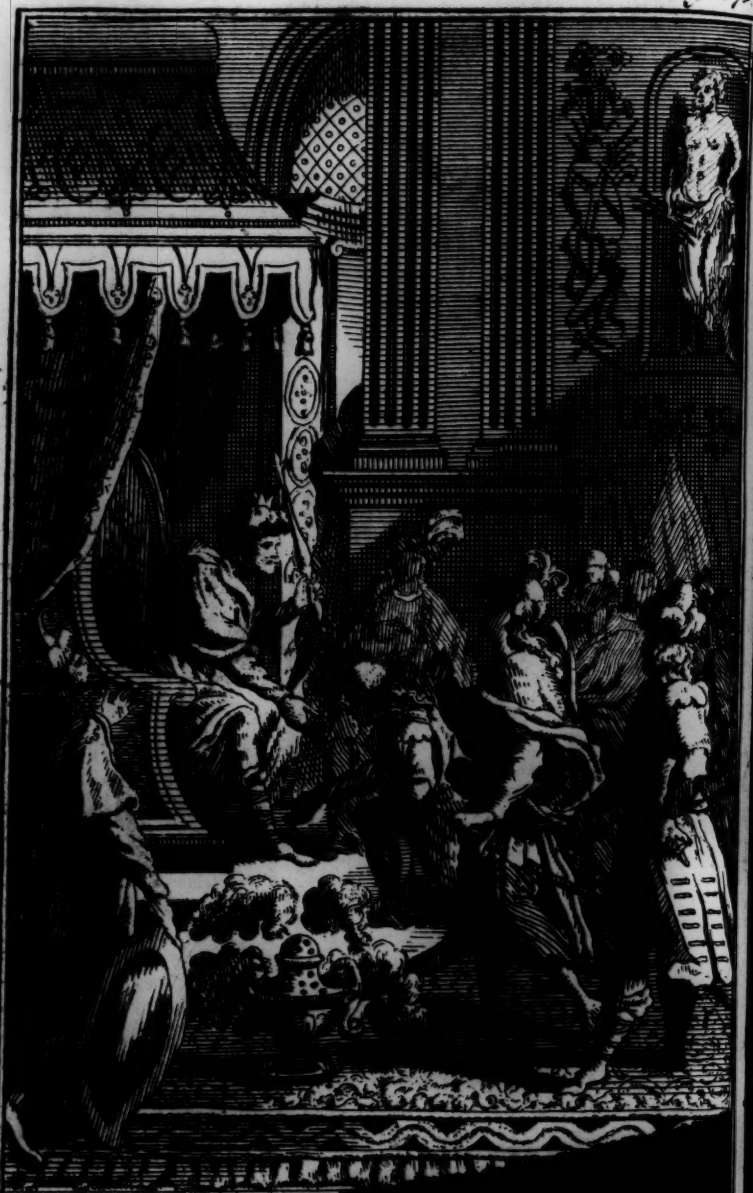
170 *The* DESPERADOES;

to their Camp, for taking Care of the Wounded, and for preventing, by strong Guards, any Surprize, which the rest of the Enemy's Troops, that lay before *Doristan*, might attempt.

Next Morning they had Advice, that the Fear of being attack'd by a victorious Army, had made them raise the Siege; and that they had taken their March towards their own Country. But *Frontelm* made not the least Offer to follow them, resolving to stay in his Camp, till *Formidaur* should be able to get on Horseback.

As soon as he had recover'd his Health, the Army set forward on their March towards *Susa*, where the Princes were received with all the Pomp, Magnificence, and Joy imaginable. As the News was already spread abroad, that *Frontelm's* Liberty, and the Victory over the *Tartars*, were both owing to the Generosity and Valour of the *Babylonian* Prince, the People, eager to see him, ran in Crowds to meet him. The Grace and Majesty which they observ'd in his Person redoubles their Acclamations; every one pays him Homage: Neither Men, Women, or Children, can ever be satisfy'd
with





*Formidaur is introduced to Isdigerdes
his Grandfather tho' unknown.*

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with admiring him. They accompany him to the Palace with so much Applause, and so many Marks of Joy, that the Modesty of the young Warrior was offended thereat. The lively Colour, that overspread his Face, shew'd the Trouble their too excessive Praises caus'd in him, and afforded them a new Reason to celebrate his Glory.

Being arriv'd at the Palace, they dismounted, and went together to wait on the old King *Isdigerdes*, Father to *Frontelm*. The great Number of Years under which he labour'd, had almost entirely depriv'd him of any Hope of again seeing his Children; wherefore their Presence fill'd him with the utmost Joy. They then presented *Formidaur* to him; and the old Monarch, astonish'd to see, at an Age so little advanc'd, such an Assemblage of Valour, Beauty and Majesty, embraced him tenderly in his Arms, with Tears in his Eyes, the Product of a most sincere Pleasure.

What Thanks, my Lord, said he, ought not I to render to Heaven, to find in you a propitious Deity, who defends my Kingdom for me in my Old Age, and restores me to the Sight of my Children! Let
Death

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Death now come when he will; Life can never afford me either a more sensible Pleasure than I now enjoy, or shew me greater Wonders than I now behold, most invincible Warrior, in you.

Formidaur, in whom the Sight of this venerable Monarch had inspired a Respect mix'd with Love, beheld this great King with Admiration, whose princely Qualities receiv'd an additional Lustre, in his Eyes, from the Title of Father to *Frontelm*. My Lord, answer'd he, bowing down to the Ground, the Virtues which you ascribe to me, are eminently visible in the Princes your Sons; they are the Fruits of the Birth they have receiv'd from you, and your Generosity alone makes you think you discern them in me. The Friendship wherewith they honour me, much overpays me for the little I have done for them; and it would be my most ardent Desire to become such as you describe me, and to be able, by more important Services, to testify my Zeal and Respect for you.

Isdigerdes return'd this Compliment with fresh Marks of Affection, and these four great Men discoursed together, yet some Time longer, in such a Manner, as
made

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easily made it appear that an equal Sympathy influenced all their Hearts. After this the King retired; and *Florian* having conducted *Formidaur* into the Apartment appointed for him, thought to have withdrawn to his own; but could not resist the earnest Intreaties of *Zelinda's* Lover, not to part with him, and yielded with Pleasure to his Importunity.

This Prince was so sensibly afflicted at the Loss of *Fidalme*, that it was surprizing he could bear up under so much Grief without dying. He conceal'd it as much as possible from *Frontelm*, that he might not give him any Reason to dive into the Source of his Sorrows; but he did not constrain himself in the same Manner before *Formidaur*; he unbosom'd himself to him, and endeavour'd to find, in disclosing his Heart, some kind Relief to mitigate his Pains. *Formidaur*, on the other Hand, us'd his utmost Efforts to sooth his Grievs, by repeated Testimonies of the sincerest Friendship.

Since the furious Transports of a despairing Love had given Place to the more pleasing Hope of enjoying his adorable *Zelinda*, without a Crime, he was no longer that haughty and terrible Prince, who was perpetually threatening

I both

174 *The* DESPERADOES;
both Men and Gods, and who, through
the Horror of his Torments, endeavour'd
to conceal from the Eyes of Mankind
the Graces wherewith Nature had a-
dorn'd him. He was become affable,
tender, compassionate, and sympathizing;
a Smile, a Look, a Word made every
Heart his Captive: In short, he was, in
a few Days, ador'd by the whole *Persian*
Court. Old *Isdigerdes* seem'd to grow
young again when he beheld him; *Frontelm*
would borrow some Hours from Bu-
siness of State, that he might spend the
more Time with him; and as for *Flor-
ian*, he never parted from him Night or
Day.

In the mean while, they were very
impatient to hear what Motives had
drawn him into *Persia*; the Promise he
had given them, to inform them in a
little Time, had hitherto hinder'd them
from pressing him to explain himself:
but finding that he still continued to
keep Silence, although he had already
been several Days at *Susa*, *Frontelm*
thought himself obliged to mention it
to him, and resolv'd, for that Purpose,
to go, as soon as he was up, to the A-
partment where he lay with *Florian*; and
they were discoursing of their mutual
Ad-

Adventures, when he enter'd their Chamber.

What! Prince, (cry'd *Frontelm*, embracing him,) must then my Son alone be permitted to enjoy your Company? Am I less concern'd than he to merit your Affection, or am I less desirous of being serviceable to you? Why do you so long conceal from us a Secret which we expect with Impatience, and make us languish with the flattering Hopes you have given us of being able to serve you? Your Wounds no longer hinder you; by the Thunder of your Arm we are in as peaceable Possession of our Dominions, as you are of all our Hearts; we depend upon you both through Love and Gratitude. Speak then, Prince, and be assured, that there is nothing which we will not readily undertake to serve you.

The Honours which I receive in this Court, answer'd *Fermidaur*, infinitely surpass the little which you think you owe me. The Glory of being entirely devoted to you, is a thousand times more pleasing to me, than that of having believ'd myself Prince of *Babylon*, a Title, which, for the future, I ought only

176 *The* DESPERADOES;

to abhor, it, as I can no longer wear it as the Emperor's Son, I cannot be so happy as to obtain it as his Son-in-law. Perhaps, my Lord, you are not ignorant of the Love I bear to *Zelinda*; our mutual Passion has made too much Noise in the World not to have reached your Ears; our Affection was too violent not to be lawful: Thanks to Heaven, she is not my Sister, nor am I Son to the Emperor of *Babylon*.

I know not to whom I owe my Birth, it is sufficient that I am assured I owe it not to him, the rest is of little Consequence to me; but no sooner was that Monarch inform'd that I did not receive my Life from him, than, to extinguish the Love wherewith I burn for the Princess, he banish'd me his Dominions, with Orders never to enter them more on Pain of Death. I submitted thereunto without Resistance; but far from thinking that I have thereby lost the Crown, I flatter my self with the Hopes of having conquer'd it, since *Zelinda* is to be the Sovereign thereof, who has given me her Promise not to reign there without me, and I am assured of the Hearts of all the Subjects. The Emperor's Violence, and the Weakness of a
young

young Princess, who may not, perhaps, be able to withstand him, are the only Misfortunes which I have now to fear.

In order to prevent both the one and the other, I have Need of a superior Force; I have but a single Sword, incapable alone of subduing a mighty Empire; but if in such an Enterprize you will vouchsafe to grant me your Assistance, I may hope for every Thing. If the Welfare of your Dominions, and the advanced Age of the King your Father, will not permit you to absent yourself from *Persia*, fifteen or twenty thousand Men, if you will be pleas'd to give me the Command, will be sufficient to force *Agaristus* to accept me for his Son-in-law. Your Arms, after having placed *Fermidaur* on the Throne of *Babylon*, will not be long before they reduce the rest of *Asia* under your Subjection. I make no Mention of the Interest you have yourself in humbling a powerful Enemy, whose Hatred has excited the *Tartar* to ravage your Provinces with Fury; that is a Motive which the Greatness of your Soul will always make give Place to those Sentiments of Friendship where-with you honour me.

Cease, Prince, cease, cry'd *Frontelm*, interrupting him, to have Recourse to persuade me to any other Reasons than those which relate to you alone; however, I can't forbear being surpriz'd at such an Event. It seems very strange to me, that they should, after so many Years, deny you the Title of Son to the Emperor of *Babylon*. Is not the little Affection he has always express'd for you, and the Hatred of the Empress the Cause of this Injustice? Be that as it will, I am too happy in being able to employ my Forces in conquering a Kingdom for you, to which *Zelinda's* Heart gives you a new Title. I will lead all *Persia* to *Babylon* under your Standard, and will make her Emperor know, that if you are not born a Prince, you have still the Power of one. I will attend you every where; besides the sensible Pleasure of obliging you, I have particular Motives which draw me to *Babylon*! Would to Heaven! that I could have foreseen this Change before I set out from that Empire, we would both of us have been in Possession of the Happiness to which we aspire.

The

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The Remembrance of *Fidalme's* Death, which this Discourse recall'd to *Florian's* Memory, drew from him a Sigh, which was follow'd by some Tears. *Formidaur* observ'd it, and to prevent *Frontelm's* perceiving it likewise, affected to redouble his Thanks for the Assistance he had promis'd him; this done, he inform'd him, that, on his leaving *Babylon*, he went to *Racha*, with Design to have rejoin'd him; but that his Army being gone, he had not been able to come up with them till the Day of Battle. Their Conversation lasted yet some Time longer about the Measures which they were to take, after which *Frontelm* took his Leave.

Formidaur, being left alone with *Florian*, and finding by the Tears which had escaped him, that his Heart was still full of his cruel Adventures, used his utmost Endeavours to give him Consolation. How Heart-breaking to me are your Griefs! said he. Why, dear Prince, should you suffer yourself to sink under them? Have your Afflictions receiv'd any Aggravation since our parting from each other? Have you any fresh Proofs of your Misfortune, that you give yourself over so violently to your Sorrows?

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Think you that 'tis possible for me to give a Loose to Joy, whilst I see you always bury'd in the deepest Anguish? Suspend your Cares at least a While, until we see ourselves at the Head of your Army before the Gates of *Babylon*.

No, no, dear Prince; cry'd out *Florian* (interrupting him) there is no longer any Remedy for my Misfortunes; my Fate is irrecoverable; how greatly soever your Fortune may change to your Advantage, I have no longer any Hopes left: The Heavens, in whose Power alone it was to relieve me, have depriv'd themselves of the Means. I have only conceal'd my last Disasters from you, because I would not disturb your Happiness; but, alas! know, that an unknown Warrior, whom I was obliged to encounter when I parted from you, and who fell by this Arm, which was at once both innocent and barbarous; ye Gods! can I speak it without expiring that Instant? was *Fidalme* herself. On saying these Words, he fell down in a Swoon.

Formidaur, greatly alarm'd, ran hastily to his Assistance; but *Florian* recover'd his Senses only to renew his Tears, his Sighs, and his Complaints; *Formidaur*,
being

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being thunder-struck at this dreadful News, no longer knew what Way to go about to comfort him, after an Accident which put an End to all his Hopes. 'Tis true, said he, the Greatness of your Misfortunes exceeds all that ever can be imagined most horrible; but the more they are without Remedy, the more courageously ought you to bear up against them. *Formidaur* expressed himself with so much Grace and Tenderness, that *Florian* pretended to be moved therewith, that he might not affect a Friend who was so dear to him with his Sorrows: They got up then, and after having made a Visit together to the King of *Persia*, went out of the City.

Florian, notwithstanding his Melancholy, took Care to find out all manner of Diversions that might contribute to the Amusement of *Formidaur*; Hunting, Taking the Air, and Musick, succeeded each other by Turns; and *Formidaur* seemed to take more Delight therein, as they gave him an Opportunity to divert his Friends Afflictions, and to obliterate insensibly the Remembrance of his Troubles.

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Whilst thus, in Deference to each other, they were mutually giving Way to whatever Pleasures occurred, *Frontelm*, who was no less desirous of serving *Formidaur*, than of again seeing his dear *Carilda*, and declaring their Marriage at the Head of a powerful Army, spared no Pains to levy without Delay a sufficient Number of Forces. He judged that this Expedition would require at least fifty thousand Men; and in order the better to surprize the Emperor of *Babylon*, he caused it to be given out that they were designed against the Great *Cham*, to take Revenge for the Ravages which the *Tartars* had committed in the *Persian* Dominions.

Two Months were scarcely elapsed, when all the Plains were covered with Troops, which the overjoy'd *Formidaur* looked upon no less as the Ministers of his Fortune, than they did on him as their certain Guide to Victory; and whilst they were training them up to Discipline, *Florian* continued to provide fresh Entertainments for *Formidaur*: But as soon as they were over, their mutual Inclinations induc'd 'em always to get away from the Courtiers, that they might enjoy

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joy each other's Company without Interruption.

One Day, amongst the rest, they mounted their Horses alone, and without Attendance, and rode to a Forrest distant about five Miles from *Susa*. The pleasantness of the Roads, with the agreeable Coolness of the Shade, invited them to spend some time there, and they were discoursing together freely of the Design that took up their Thoughts, when they saw two Cavaliers pass by, pretty near them, who seemed to be going towards *Susa*. Judging, by their Arms, that they were Foreigners, they rode up to them, and stopt them, to inquire of what Country they were, and whence they came.

The Cavaliers, not doubting, by an Air of Grandeur that was inseparable from *Formidaur* and *Florian*, but they were Persons of great Distinction, answered, that they were *Indians*; and that as soon as they were informed that the King of *India* had joined his Forces with the Prince of *Persia*, with Design to enter the Empire of *Babylon* with a considerable Army, they had set out with Intent to offer their Service to the King
their

184 *The* DESPERADOES;
their Master; but that they had the
Misfortune not to get thither till after
the Troops were decamped.

Hereupon *Formidaur* asked them if
they had not had the Curiosity to see the
stately City of *Babylon*, and what News
they brought from thence.

One of them answered that the Sick-
ness of his Companion had detained
them there almost two Months; and
that a few Days before their Arrival, the
famous *Formidaur* had left it by the Em-
peror's Order, because it had been dis-
covered that he was not his Son; and
that since his Departure, the Princess
Zelinda had been acknowledged sole Hei-
ress to the Empire, in an Assembly of
the States.

When we set out from thence, resum-
ed the other *Indian*, it was reported, that
in order to prevent the Scepter's falling
into the Hands of Strangers, it had been
resolved to marry the Princess *Zelinda* to
Prince *Fiorlindes*, the Emperor's Ne-
phew, and the Son of the Princess *Cavil-
da*, by *Asmadeus*. The Princess, said
Formidaur immediately in a Surprise, un-
doubtedly refused him! 'Twas thought
at

at first, reply'd the Stranger, that she would oppose it, so strongly was she suspected of having a violent Love for the banished Prince; but so artfully has *Carilda* insinuated herself into her Favour, and her good Opinion, that she has rendered herself entirely Mistress of her Inclinations; and the Princess had so much the less Difficulty to dispose herself to it, because a Report was spread that her Lover had been killed by *Leon-zard* in the last Battle that was fought in *Persia*.

It was only for that Reason then that she consented, cry'd *Formidaur*, yet more troubled; but did not they afterwards hear that *Formidaur* was living? 'Tis true, answered the *Indian*, that the News of his Death was not believed in the City to be very well grounded; but, as we were informed, the Emperor used his utmost Endeavours to make it obtain Credit, in order to root out of his Daughter's Heart the Affection she had born to *Formidaur*, and to inspire her with Sentiments more conformable to his own: Besides, *Fiorlinde* is a well-shap-ed, lovely Prince, full of Charms, of an undaunted Courage, and an excellent Understanding; was it easy to resist so
many

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many Attractions ? Those who are absent are always in the wrong ; and Women never retain long the Remembrance of a distant Lover ; especially when they are in doubt whether he is still alive.

During this Relation, *Formidaur* changed Colour a thousand Times ; Anger inflamed his Blood, and being no longer able to restrain it : *Ingrate !* cry'd he out, is this then the Fidelity which you vow'd to me ? 'Tis thou barbarous *Agaristus*, who, by Tricks unworthy of thy Dignity, has laid this Snare for her Weakness. But I will invoke against thee all the Furies of the infernal Regions, and since thou wouldst neither have me for thy Son, nor thy Son-in-law, thou shalt have me for the future for thy most cruel Enemy. If thy proud City disdains me for her Sovereign, my Fury shall soon reduce her to Ashes. But, alas ! if it is true that *Zelinda* is false, upon whom can I revenge myself ? It shall only be upon my own Heart, which being too ready to flatter me, was weak enough to rely upon deceitful Vows : These passionate Exclamations surprized the *Indians*, and discovered to them that 'twas *Formidaur* to whom they had been talking.

In

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In the mean while, *Florian* was no less concerned than his Friend ; wherefore being earnestly desirous of finding some Alleviation to his Troubles, he examined the Cavaliers more particularly, and was informed that the Nuptials of the Princess *Zelinda* were to be solemnized about the Beginning of the next Month ; that on this Occasion great Preparations were making for magnificent Entertainments, and that a solemn Tilting had been proclaimed every where, at which the most famous Princes and Knights were expected to be present.

The young Prince of *Persia* was then yet more perplexed, inasmuch as he judged that the Army which was raising could not possibly arrive there Time enough to prevent this Ceremony ; but, *Formidaur*, bursting with Rage and Despair, soon resolved what Course to take, and drawing *Florian* aside from the two *Indians*, addressed him in this manner.

You see, Prince, to what a Degree Fortune delights in making me her Sport ; that cruel Goddess only pretended to flatter me with the most pleasing Hopes, in order to plunge me afterwards in an
Abyss,

188 *The* DESPERADOES;

Abyſs, of the moſt exquisite Miſfortunes : There is but too much Probability in the News we have juſt heard. I know the Artifices of *Agariſtus*, and the Ambition of *Canilda* ; neither am I ignorant that *Fierlindes* is a Prince indued with a thouſand Virtues, which might be capable of captivating a Heart yet leſs fickle than that of my Inconſtant. His merit has often forced me to be jealous of his Affiduity about the Princeſs ; and it is no wonder that being acquainted with him, and loving him already as a Relation, ſhe ſhould conſent more readily to wed him than a Stranger, whoſe Birth is unknown.

The only Hope I have now left is, to believe that ſhe has only ſubmitted thereunto becauſe ſhe imagined me dead ; wherefore I am reſolved to fly to her, and prove to her, by my Preſence, that I am in a Condition with your Aſſiſtance to prevent her Nuptials. If I get there too late, your Forces will be of no Service to me ; Death will be my only Refuge, and to find that my Sword alone will be ſufficient. I know the Time allowed me is but ſhort for ſuch a long Journey ; however, by travelling Night and Day I flatter myſelf that I ſhall reach

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reach *Babylon* before the End of the Month. Should I return at present to *Susa*, I should lose at least two Days, which are so much the more precious to me as my Life depends upon a single Moment.

This Parting, dear Prince, is very afflicting to me; but it is indispensably necessary, because my whole Happiness depends thereon. If my Welfare is of any Value to you, return speedily to *Susa*, draw up to-morrow a thousand Horse, put yourself at their Head, and follow me by long Journies. Engage Prince *Frontelm* likewise to get together as soon as possible a Body of ten thousand Horse which may follow you without Delay; let him take his Way by the Desert of *Vestel*; you know that towards the *South*, there is a long Tract of Forests which extends to within half a Day's Journey of *Babylon*. As for you, Prince, take a shorter Cut; disperse and disguise your Men, that they may get into the City as Strangers drawn thither by the News of the Tournaments.

As soon as you are arrived there, enquire for the *Satrapa Aredas*, whom you have already heard me mention in the
Ac-

190 *The* DESPERADOES;

Account of my Life; he is entirely devoted to me, and will inform you of my Proceedings. If I reach *Babylon* soon enough, and *Zelinda* will consent to it, I will find some means to defer her Marriage, till your Arrival, and even till you have joined your Forces with Prince *Fontelm*; we shall then see who will be able to resist us.

If the Assurance alone of my Death, and Violence have forced the Princess to consent to these fatal Nuptials, it will not be hard for me to carry her off from her Husband, and thereby leave her at Liberty to choose another. But if it is true that she is Inconstant, if I find that she approves her Choice, and has violated the Fidelity she vowed to me, never more, dear Prince, shall we behold each other. The false one, by forfeiting her Faith to me, will tear me not only from you, but from Life itself; and I shall find no Bitterness in Death, but in losing a Friend, whose Misfortunes it was in my Power alone to alleviate.

Florian was sensibly afflicted at this Discourse, and at such a precipitated Departure, and insisted absolutely upon accompanying his Friend; but reflecting af-

afterwards that his Presence was necessary at *Susa*, for the Succour whereof *Formidaur* stood in need, he concluded at last to let him set out alone: Go my Lord, said he embracing him tenderly, you will be able to judge of the Difficulty with which I resolve to part from you, by the Speed with which I will follow you; Heaven grant that you may be able to secure yourself from the Hatred and Snares of *Agaristus*! This said, the two Princes left each other, and both set forward on their respective Journeys.

The two *Indian* Cavaliers, to whom *Florian* discovered himself, accompanied that Prince, whilst *Formidaur* being carried away both by the Fury that possessed him, and the Fear of reaching *Babylon* too late, hurried on with great Precipitation: His Courser seemed to him to advance too slow, on the contrary he thought the Sun hastened on too fast; and the least Moment, that any Obstacle interven'd to retard his Speed, seemed to him a Year cut off from his Life. He languished with Impatience, and groaned under the Weight of the most piercing Grief, as soon as he found his Horse begin to tire.

His

His Troubles and his Eagerness made him lose his Road, whereof he was not sensible till Break of Day, when he saw himself intangled in the Turnings and Windings of a thick Forest; from whence, notwithstanding his utmost Efforts, he could not extricate himself till towards the close of the Evening. Scarcely had he Light enough to discover a Shepherd's Cottage, where he was forced to take up his Lodging that Night.

He was there informed that he had followed a Road quite contrary to that which led to *Babylon*, at which he was so deeply afflicted, that far from being able to take any Rest, he did nothing all the Night but complain of his hard Fate, and curse the Morning for being too long before it dawned.

No sooner did the Day appear, but he mounted his Horse, guided by a Countryman, who being both old, and on Foot, and consequently not being able to walk fast enough, made him die by Inches with Vexation. When he thought he was sufficiently informed what Road he was to follow; he gave his Steed the Head, and endeavoured to recover the
Time

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Time he had lost; but notwithstanding all his Haste, the Month and some Days were elapsed before he could set Eyes on *Babylon*.

At last, one Morning he discovered her stately Walls at a Distance; this Sight redoubles his Fury, and makes him find in his wearied Courser more Vigour than he ought then to have expected. He was now but two Miles from *Babylon*, when he saw a Cavalier riding towards him, who seemed to be just come out from thence. He burns with Impatience to enquire after what passes, and trembles with Fear of hearing what he dreads to know: With much ado could his Tongue bring out, without any Coherence, the Words *Zelinda*, *Nuptials*, and *Tournaments*.

The Cavalier, being now pretty near him, perceives his Confusion, and cries, Whither do you hasten so fast, noble Warrior? If 'tis to the Tournaments that you would go, you need not be in such a Hurry, you will arrive there but too soon to be overcome, or, perhaps, to perish by the Arm of an invincible *Tartar*, before whom every one falls.

At

At the Word Tournaments, *Formidaur* stopt; What, said he, are the Rejoicings begun? This is the third Day, answer'd the Cavalier, and to-morrow will be the last, when you will have Time enough to shew your Courage. Tell me, I beg you, reply'd *Formidaur*, in the greatest Agony, is the Marriage of the Princess with *Fiorlindes* celebrated? It has been consummated these two Days, resum'd the Cavalier. If this Stroke had been less dreaded, it had been mortal; *Formidaur* remain'd in a manner motionless: How, said he, with a Voice almost expiring, did the Princess behave herself on this Occasion? Was it by Choice or by Constraint that she consented to this Alliance? What do you say? cry'd the *Unknown*, interrupting him, what Princess in the World would not have thought herself very happy in accepting such a Prince as *Fiorlindes* for her Spouse? and especially at a Time when there was certain Advice that the Great *Cham* of *Tartary* was sending Embassadors to demand her for his Son *Panteries*, who is said to be a Monster, and the most deformed Man that ever the World produced.

He

He had scarcely finish'd this Discourse, when he saw *Formidaur* turn his Back suddenly upon him, and crossing out of the High-way, ride over the fallow Grounds; whereupon, judging that he was not altogether in his Senses, he went on his Journey.

After what *Formidaur* had heard, he had remain'd motionless upon his Horse like one stupify'd; his Mind was so wholly taken up about *Zelinda*, that from that Moment he ceased to see any Object that was before him. His Horse wandering at a Venture, and being likewise press'd by Hunger, he went to a Meadow, where he began to feed. But, having stretch'd out his Neck too far, through Greediness, he drew along with him his Master bury'd in his Thoughts.

His Fall rouz'd him from his *Reverie*, and made him sensible of his Distracti-on; wherefore, being come to himself, Alas! said he, a Wretch, whom *Zelinda* has banish'd both from her Heart and Memory, is no longer fit for any thing but to crawl upon the Earth; but even that is not enough for me, let it open, and swallow me up in its most profound

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Abyfs! O Heavens! for what do you reserve me? Whether *Zelinda* has deceiv'd me, or has been deceiv'd herself, she can no longer be mine, another possesses her. Ye Gods! what Resolution ought I to take?

Shall I go and poison my Eyes with the Fondness of this new Bride and Bridegroom? Shall I go and expose my Heart to the Sight of the tender Embraces whereof base Artifices have depriv'd my Love? How, after having so long been possess'd with a tender Affection for me, could she yield, in an Instant, to the Ardors of a new Lover? She has born my Absence for a whole Year together with inviolable Constancy; at a Time when a sacred Tye, which we believ'd indissoluble, left us no Room for Hope; and now when that Impediment is taken away, and she might have given Way to the lawful Hopes of making me happy, at the End of a few Months, she suffers a new Passion to take Root in her Heart.

'Tis thou, cruel Father, who hast bereft her of Courage; yes, the false Assurances of my Death, and the Marriage of this monstrous *Tartar*, wherewith thou
hast

hast threaten'd her, have hurry'd her into an Infidelity whereof she would not otherwise have been capable. But I shall find a Way to revenge myself thereof; and this Arm will be able to send the too happy *Fiorlindes* from the nuptial Bed to his Grave: He shall no less than me be made the Sport of Fortune. But, alas! will one Death alone be sufficient for my Rage? No, no, let us examine what has been the Motive of such an incredible Action; and let us see whether *Zelinda* has deceiv'd Heaven by her Vows, or whether Fate has betray'd both the one and the other.

This said, he rose up again with Fury, and mounting his Courser, turn'd his Reins towards the City, where he was not long before he arriv'd. He cross'd the chief Square, and understood that the Tilting was over for that Day, and that all the Court, who had been Spectators thereof, were just withdrawn. He went then to the *Satrapa Aredas*, his Friend, to whom he made himself known, and after having assured himself afresh of his Zeal and Affection to him, inform'd him of the Motive of his Arrival, and enquired of him what had been the

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Reason of hastening the Princess's Marriage so very much.

The *Satrapa* answer'd him, that a Report of his Death was spread about the City, and that *Agaristus*, in order to supply the Want of Foundation in this News, had obliged two Knights to affirm, that they were Witnesses to it. He told him, that besides *Carilda* had spared no Pains to insinuate her Son into the Princess's good Graces, that *Fiorlindes*, having been allow'd the Liberty of seeing her at all Hours, was fallen passionately in love with her, and that *Zelinda* had seem'd not to be insensible of his Passion. He added, that there being a Suspicion that the *Cham* of *Tartary* intended to demand her for his Son *Panteries*, a Man of a monstrous and hideous Figure, it had determin'd them to solemnize the Nuptials three Days sooner; to the End that the *Tartarian* Embassadors not arriving till after the Ceremony, their Master, whom they were not willing to make their Enemy, might have no Cause to complain.

The Marriage has been consummated these two Days, continued the *Satrapa*, and this is the third of the Tournaments,

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ments, wherein a furious *Tartar* has overthrown all the Knights who have dared to oppose him. His Name is not known, but the Report goes that it is *Panteries* himself, who, being induced by a Curiosity to see the Princess, before the Demand should be made, has out-gone his Father's Embassadors.

'Tis suppos'd that, having found the Nuptials solemniz'd, he would not make himself known; but that, being mad with Vexation, he discharges his Fury upon all who are so bold as to encounter him. Hitherto he has carry'd off every Prize from them; and to-morrow they are to contend for that of greatest Value: The Victor is to be conducted in Triumph to *Zelinda's* Balcony, where he is to receive from her Hand an inestimable Ring. The valiant *Fiorlindes*, not being able to bear with Patience, that the Reputation of the *Babylonians* should be sully'd, by the continual Victories of the *Tartar*, had resolv'd to encounter him *incognito*; but they pretend that he was forced to desist, at the earnest Intreaties of his Bride, who was justly alarm'd at so manifest a Danger.

All these Circumstances were like so many Stabs, which pierced the Heart of *Formidaur*; wherefore, to mitigate his Grief, he resolves upon writing to *Zelinda*, and getting the Letter deliver'd to her by *Rodiana*. To this end, he express'd himself in the most tender and passionate Terms; ascribing to his own ill Fortune all the Rigour of his Destiny, and imputing *Zelinda's* Falshood, either to the Violence that had been used to her, or to the Assurance that was given her of his Death.

But reflecting a Moment after, that, if *Zelinda* had really loved him, she would have had more Constancy, and not have made such a sudden Transition, from the Loss of a Lover that had been dear to her, to the pompous Solemnity of a magnificent Wedding, he flies into a Passion, tears his Letter, and, in a quite contrary Style, breaks out into the most bitter Complaints, and loads her with the most cutting Reproaches.

Nevertheless, not being yet satisfy'd, he imagines that his Rage and Indignation cannot be sufficiently express'd in this Manner, and fancies that they
will

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will have more Force, if his own Mouth is their Interpreter; he tears his Letter then a second Time, and cries out, To what purpose do I commit to Writing these faint Expressions of my Rage, when I may myself discharge my Anger in the very Face of the *False One*, in that favourable Instant of the Triumph which my Arm shall procure me? I will encounter then the utmost Rage of the formidable *Panteries*; and not even *Hercules*, attended by the infernal *Furies*, should escape the Thunder of my Lance. The *Satrapa* shudder'd at this Resolution, and could not forbear representing to him, the Risque he would run of being known, and severely punish'd.

No, no, reply'd *Formidaur*, let the Fates discharge their utmost Fury on me; what have I to fear from the Emperor, the People, or the whole Universe, when Heaven itself can injure me no farther? 'Twill be sufficient, for my Revenge upon *Zelinda*, to present myself alive before her; my Sight will make her tremble for the Life of her Husband, and the Loss of her Kingdom. At least, she shall know that, in spite of her Father, her People, and the whole World, I could have conquer'd it, or reduced

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it to Ashes; and that nothing but the Desire of Death, has been able to put a Stop to my just Indignation.

The *Satrapa*, who knew him to be as unshaken in his Resolutions, as invincible in Battle, finding him determined to pursue this Design, did not think it proper to oppose it any longer; wherefore, as it was late, he caused Supper to be brought in, which being over, *Formidaur* went to Bed, where the furious Passions with which he was agitated, returned upon him with double Violence during the whole Night.

He burnt with Impatience to fly to the Feet of *Zelinda*, and to pierce her Heart with his Reproaches, as well as to humble the haughty *Tartar*, whose Victories had puffed him up with intolerable Pride. A thousand Imprecations he breathed out against the Darkness which retarded the wish'd for Day of his Revenge. At last, the Morning was ready dawn, when being overwhelmed with such a long and fatiguing Watching, he fell into a broken Sleep, which was no otherwise favourable to him, than by the flattering Images which offered themselves to him in his Dream.

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He thought he saw *Zelinda*, who being surprized at his Return, address'd him in this manner: What! are you still living, *Formidaur*? What fatal Design has brought you into these Parts? Do you come, unhappy Conqueror, to vent upon me, in publick, your unjust Reproaches, and to draw thereby upon yourself the whole Weight of the Emperor's Hatred and Anger? Ah! fly, too imprudent Prince, and spare me the Horror of seeing the deadly stroke fall upon you. O Gods! ... He heard no more, for his prodigious Agonies put an End both to his Dream, and his Sleep.

He then perceived that the Sun was already high, and was soon thoroughly awakened by the shrill Sound of the Trumpets, which from the Lists, that were but a little distance from the *Satrapa's* Palace, invited the Warriors to the Tilting, and the curious Populace to be the Spectators. What! even in my Dreams, cry'd he, *Inconstant*, dost thou endeavour to betray me! Thou pretendest to be concerned for my Life, only to rob me of the pretious Moments destined for me to signalize my Courage. If with a Tone of Pity thou advisest me

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to fly from thy Father's Anger, 'tis to free thyself from my Indignation, and the just Reproaches which thou oughtest to expect. But thou shalt not have thy Aim, Ingrate, thy Remorse condemns thee already, and one single Look of mine will entirely confound thee.

Having thus said, he leaps out of Bed, arms himself from Head to Foot, enjoins the *Satrapa* not to follow him, mounts his Courser, and rides alone to the Lists, where the Tilting was already begun. He goes up to the Barriers, and casts his Eyes over the whole Theatre, on one Side of which he sees two magnificent Balconies, pretty near each other, and raised equally from the Ground, to which a Passage was made from the Apartments of the Palace, thro' a Window opened to the Bottom for that purpose. In one of them sat the Emperor and Empress under a magnificent Canopy; and, in the other, were seated the Princesses *Zelinda* and *Carilda*; whilst *Fiorlindes* went from one Balcony to the other, to entertain them by turns.

Soon did these well-known Objects attract the eager Eyes of *Formidaur*; *Zelinda* was the first that struck his Sight; her

her Beauty seems to him to be increas'd ; he observes her with the greatest Attention, and endeavours to discover by her Eyes, whether the Tranquillity of her Mind is answerable to the Serenity of her Countenance. O *Zelinda* ! said he to himself, thou who wast so long the Object of my Desires, how different dost thy Condition seem to me now, from that wherein I left thee ; almost expiring, languishing, and dissolved in Tears, but burning with the most ardent Passion, and in short, entirely mine ? I find thee again at present with Gaiety and Satisfaction in thy Looks, Lillies and Roses in thy Cheeks, and Joy triumphant upon thy Forehead ; nor am I any longer to thee any Thing but the Object of thy Indifference, and the unhappy Victim of thy new Passion.

Ah ! These are not the Marks of a Heart which has yielded to Violence ; they can only be the Signs of the ardent Affection you bear to your Husband. Be satisfied, *Ingrate*, receive his Embraces, let all *Asia* be Witnesses thereof ; rob the Solemnities of *Mars* of the Attention of the People, and fix their Eyes wholly upon the Motions of thy Love : But in order to enjoy thy Passion to

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the full, come first, and tear out my
Heart.

Thus was this unfortunate Lover buried in his Thoughts, whilst his Eyes were wholly fixed upon his beauteous Enemy. His Transports had intoxicated him to that Degree, that for a whole Hour he had not taken the least Notice of what passed in the Place. He neither heard the Neighing of the Horses, nor the Shocks nor Falls of the Combatants, nor the Sound of the Trumpets and other Instruments, nor the Cries and Shouts of a numberless Populace.

However, they increased at last to such a Degree, that rousing him out of his Distraction, they forced him to cast his Eyes upon the Barriers; where he saw a Knight of a prodigious Stature enter the Lists, in black Armour, and mounted upon a Courser of an unreasonable Size. As soon as this Knight appeared, one might hear them cry on all Sides; *There he is, before whom every one falls.*

This Exclamation gave *Formidaur* to understand that this Champion was the Cause of the extraordinary Shouts which he had just heard; and made him
judge

judge that this must be the formidable *Panteries*. This *Tartar* had only been a Spectator of the Combats that Day; and 'till then the Victory had always waver'd between the Warriors that had appeared; Fortune having diverted herself in favouring them by Turns; one Knight overthrowing five or six Combataunts running, and falling afterwards himself under the superior Force of another. But as soon as they saw the invincible *Tartar* enter the Lists, the People appear'd in a Consternation; and a sullen Silence seem'd to foretell all the Combataunts that their Defeat was inevitable.

By the measured Steps of his stately Courser, the *Tartar* walked gently round the Lists, to display his Fierceness to the best Advantage, which done he took his Stand against the Prince of *Damascus*, the last Challenger, who having already unhorsed six Knights, seem'd to have a better Title than any other, to the Prize destined by *Zelinda* for the Conqueror. But no sooner did *Panteries* appear, than the Hopes of this Prince were seen to vanish. As if he had run against a Rock, at the very first shock which he received from the Giant *Tar-*
tar,

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tar, he was thrown from his Saddle, and fell with such a Violence, that he was believed for some Time to be dead: Then the Shouts of the Spectators redoubled, and *Formidaur* was seized with Rage and Astonishment.

After the Prince of *Damascus*, four other Knights underwent the same Fate, and their Fall increased the Cries and Murmurs of the People, who said openly, that in order to keep up the Diversion of the Tilting, that unconquerable Warrior ought not to be admitted. Hereupon *Formidaur*, not being able to bear any longer such extravagant Commendations, nor the Arrogance wherewith they filled *Panteries*, spurred his Horse with Fury into the Lists, chose out the strongest amongst the Lances that were hanging there, and riding to face the undaunted *Tartar*, with a Fierceness in his Air superior even to that of his proud Adversary, immediately put a stop to the Murmurs that ran through the Place.

These two Champions rushed then against each other, and met in the midst of their Career with such an impetuous Fury, that their Lances were shivered in
Pieces





Formidaur overthrows Pantories
a Moscow Tartar in single Combat

Pieces to the very Handles, and themselves forced to bend backward to their Horses Cruppers ; with this Difference, that *Formidaur* joining Activity to Strength, had the Address to recover himself in his Saddle, whilst the other, being overwhelmed with his own Weight, tumbled from his Courser, and was constrained to measure his Length on the Ground.

The Surprize caused by a Fall so little expected, suspended for some Moments the Voice of the Spectators, which at last broke out into a thousand joyful Shouts and Acclamations, in Favour of the Conqueror of the haughty *Tartar*. In the mean while *Formidaur*, being very well satisfied with having avoided such a dangerous Shock, traverses the Lists with a noble Pride, to take the Challenger's Place and there displays gracefully the extraordinary Charms that adorn his Person.

The Emperor astonished at so much Valour, gazed upon him with Admiration ; the more he examined his Port, his Shape, and his Agility, the more he thought they resembled *Formidaur*, in whom he had often admired the same Perfections. After some few Reflections, he
no

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no longer questioned but it was he; wherefore fearing that so many uncommon Accomplishments, would re-kindle in his Daughter's Heart her former Passion, which she seemed to have forgotten in the Arms of her Husband, he study'd how he should punish the Rashness of an Exile, who contrary to his express Prohibition, had dared to return again into his Dominions, and to contend for the Prize.

He called the Captain of his Guards then, gave him private Orders, and continued fixing his Eyes upon the new Champion, in order to be convinced thoroughly of what he suspected.

In the mean while, *Formidaur* had again put himself in a Posture of Defence, and pursued the Course of his Victories; no Enemy's Lance had been able to interrupt them, neither was one of his Thrusts ineffectual; he had dismounted all who durst oppose him, and in a little Time, no more Combatants appeared: Wherefore, with the Acclamations of the People, he was proclaimed Victor by the Judges.

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The Governor of *Racha*, who was one of them, taking him by the Hand, to conduct him to the Princess's Balcony: Come, said he, invincible Warrior, come and receive the Reward of your Labours; the precious Ring, which is destined for you, will not be unworthy of your Courage, when it is offered you by so fair a Hand. 'Tis a poor Advantage, answered *Formidaur*, to obtain only the Recompence of the Arm, when the Heart has a Right to pretend to greater Rewards. You have signalized both the one and the other, reply'd the *Satrapa*, in triumphing over the formidable *Tartar*. He is a Monster whom the Princess abhors, and she will be obliged to you for having overthrown a Rival, who made her tremble for the Life of the most amiable of Husbands.

These Words infus'd a fresh Poison into the Heart of *Formidaur*; but he was prevented from making any Answer by *Fiorlindes*, who coming up to him with a graceful Air; I am not, said he, one of those who is the least indebted to you, for having wrested the Victory from the monstrous *Panteries*; come and receive the Prize which you have so well de-

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déserv'd: Having thus spoken, he gave him his Hand to lead him into the Balcony, whither the Judges accompany'd him. *Formidaur* had his Vizor up, but he had disguis'd himself so very much by a black Beard, that he was neither known by *Fiorlindes*, nor any other.

The Judges then made him a Sign to advance to the Throne of the Princess; but at the Sight of her, who, though she had been formerly constant, had now banish'd him her Memory with so much Precipitation, being fill'd with Love, Jealousy, and Rage, he burnt, trembled, and grew chill'd at the same Instant, 'till, through the warring of so many contrary Passions, he could not utter one Word.

Zelinda perceiv'd it, and imagin'd that it was either the Effect of his Modesty, or of an excessive Respect, wherewith she inspired him; wherefore, in order to recover him from his Confusion, she said to him smiling; How! valiant Knight, does that great Courage, which you have just shewn against so many Warriours, fail you at my Sight? As, on saying this, she saw that his Confusion increased, and that he forgot
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to pull off his Gauntlet, she took his Hand herself, and with great Politeness help'd him to take it off. A Hand, said she, which gains so many Victories, ought not to tremble when it receives the Reward of its Labours.

'Tis not at all surprizing, reply'd he, in a low Voice, that a Heart, which has been basely betray'd by Women, can't bear their Sight without trembling. His Gauntlet came off, as he utter'd these Words; and, as few Men had so fine a Hand as he, and it was too well known by *Zelinda* for her to be mistaken in it, her Heart sunk within her. She looks upon it with Attention, views it narrowly, carries her Eyes from his Hand to his Face, and from his Face to his Hand again; at last, she knows him, notwithstanding his Disguise, by the Fire that darts from his Eyes. This Sight makes her tremble, she grows pale, and her Trouble increases, in Proportion as she is confirm'd in her Suspicions.

Formidaur perceives her Disorder, and growing more bold, through her Surprise, which seems to condemn her; Thou art not deceiv'd, said he, *Inconstant*, but thou hast deceiv'd me; *Ingrate*,

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grate, look on this Hand wherein thine has ty'd the Bond of a Fidelity which ought to have been inviolable. What hinders me now from employing it, before thy Face, to tear out the Heart of that Husband whom thou hast preferr'd to me? Yes, 'tis upon him, although innocent, that I ought to wreak my Vengeance, since, in order to give thyself to him, thy barbarous Hand has not scrupled to pierce the Heart of the faith-fullest of Lovers.

He was so much transported with Rage, that he neither was sensible of the Place where he was, or of those before whom he spoke; when he saw the Lillies and Roses, that adorn'd the Cheeks of the Beauty he still adored, disappear on a sudden, and give Place to a deadly Pale, at the same Time that that lovely false One fell in a Swoon into *Carilda's* Arms. This Accident disturb'd him; he knew not whether he ought to attribute it to her Fear of losing a Husband whom she lov'd, or to the Alteration which the Sight of a Lover, whom she had thought dead, had caused in her; and being as jealous as concern'd, he ceas'd speaking.

At

At the same Instant, the Captain of the Guards, who had been out of the Palace a little before, having observ'd at his Return, the Signal which had been agreed upon by *Agaristus*, goes up into the Balcony to seize *Formidaur*, and commands him to lay down his Arms, and yield himself the Emperor's Prisoner.

Zelinda's Lover turning his Head knew him, and saw at the same Time the Balcony full of armed Men; whereupon he draws his Sword, in order to repell them; but, in that menacing Posture his Arm remains suspended; neither is he himself in less Suspence what Course he ought to take; and he hesitates whether he should generously lose his Life in revenging himself of his Enemies, or preserve it, to know the Reason of *Zelinda's* swooning.

At last, the Violence of his Love determines him to take this last Resolution; wherefore, he plucks off himself the Beard that disguises him, and cries aloud: Yes, I am Prisoner to *Agaristus* and *Zelinda*, but the Prison wherein my Soul is confin'd gives me more Horror than theirs: Obey then, not your Emperor, but myself; there are my Arms. He
that

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that is weak enough to give up his Heart to an Inconstant, is unworthy of wearing them. And thou, perjur'd Princess, enjoy peaceably thy Lover; *Fiorlindes* can have no other Title whilst I live; 'tis to clear you of the Dishonour of such an unlawful Marriage, that, being still jealous of thy Honour, I am going to fly to Death. This said, he went down from the Balcony, and suffer'd himself to be conducted to the Palace-Tower.

In the mean while *Carilda* and *Fiorlindes* took Care to lead *Zelinda* to her own Apartment, whither the Emperor follow'd them, infinitely exasperated to see that this rash Man had dared, notwithstanding his Commands to the contrary, to appear before him, insult him, despise his Orders, dishonour his Daughter, and revive such strong Impressions in her Heart. He saw that she could hardly recover her Spirits, before she fell again into fresh Swoons; wherefore, judging it necessary to extirpate this Evil entirely by the Root, he return'd to his Apartment, sent to the *Satrapa* of *Gore*, Governor of the Tower, and gave him Orders to have *Formidaur* beheaded that very Night.

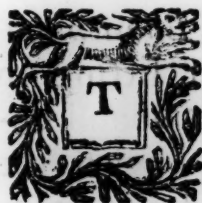
The End of the Third Book.

THE



THE
DESPERADOES;
AN
Heroick Story.

BOOK IV.



THE rigorous Sentence which the Emperor had just pronounced against a Hero crowned by the Hands of Victory, caused a most violent Disturbance in *Babylon*; every Body lamented *Formidaur*, and blamed the in-

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inconsiderate Rashness wherewith he had come to surrender himself, making voluntarily the Victim of an Enemy, whose Power was equal to his Hatred. It was judged that his Life was in Danger; and there was no body who would not have delivered him at the Hazard of his own; but the Time was spent in Lamentations, Sorrow, and Tears, without any one's daring to undertake any Thing. Even the *Satrapa Areas* himself, being overwhelmed with Despair, and not being able singly to make any Attempt in his Favour, had shut himself up in his Palace, oppressed with the most lively Grief.

Whilst all Hearts and Minds were in this Agitation concerning the Destiny of an Hero, whom they had looked upon for many Years, as the worthy Hero to the Crown, and whose exalted Valour had just then increased the Esteem and the Admiration of all the *Babylonians*, this unfortunate Lover was sitting in his Prison, yet with his Hands bound behind him, more taken up with the Thoughts of *Zelinda's* Infidelity, than with the Horror of the Fate wherewith he was threatened.

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Towards the beginning of the Night, he saw the *Satrapa* of *Gore* enter the Room, who, being infinitely afflicted at the barbarous Order he had received, came to acquaint him with the Sentence of his Death. At this cruel News the Resolution of *Formidaur* seemed somewhat shocked; the *Satrapa* perceived it, and not being able to apply any Remedy thereunto, retired with his Eyes dissolved in Tears. As to *Formidaur*, he remained some Time motionless; not that the Fear of Death had made any Impression on his Soul; on the contrary, he wished for it, and would have sought it, even with Joy, in the midst of Battle: But the Thoughts of a shameful Punishment seemed to have turned him into Stone.

At last he recovered his Spirits; and full of Fury and Rage; Is it to thee then, cry'd he out, faithless *Zelinda*! that I am to be indebted for the Ignominy of the Death that waits me? A false Hope has suspended my Arm, *Ingrate*; I could have employ'd it for my Defence, and have made before thy Face a horrible slaughter of my Enemies; it was for thee alone, that I laid down
my

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my Arms, which might have procured me a glorious Death. *False Woman!* enjoy my Misfortunes; no more wilt thou hear me confound thee with my Reproaches, or disturb thy Marriage. Be satisfy'd, I am going to dye; but it shall be by the Hands of the Hangman, as thou imaginest; if mine cannot be the Ministers of my Despair, my Head, which is still free, can brain itself against these Walls. They offer my Soul the means to escape thy Barbarity, and to leave her Prison by a Way less unworthy of a Knight.

Already he was preparing to put this horrible Design in Execution, when he heard a hollow Noise at his Chamber-Door. He listens, he looks, and sees it opened and shut again the same Instant. Then by the Glimmering of a Light that strikes his Eyes, he perceives a Woman richly dressed, whose Head was wrapt in a black Vail. His Heart revives at this sight; he imagines it is *Zelinda* herself, who being grown compassionate, is come to break his Chains: But as she draws nearer, her Stature, which seems taller, undeceives him, plunges him anew in his Sorrows; and transported with Anger, What new Treachery are the



Florian comes in Womens Cloaths
to deliver Formidaur from Prison



the Heavens still plotting against me in the last Moments of my Life? Is it not some fresh Share, since a Woman is the Minister thereof?

You have none of the Artifices of that deceitful Sex to apprehend from me, Answer was made in a low Voice; dear Friend, behold *Florian* who is come to your Assistance. At these Words, *Formidaur* was so transported with Joy, and Wonder, that for a Moment he forgot both *Zelinda*, and his own melancholy Condition; and received the Embraces of his Friend with such Raptures as drew Tears from *Florian*.

Formidaur perceived it; Ah! my dear Prince, said he, if 'tis my Death which causes you to weep, cease your unprofitable Sorrow, my greatest Desire is to die; being despised and betray'd by *Zelinda*, I ought no longer to live; vouchsafe only to spare me the Shame of dying by the Sword of the Hangman; Death will be welcome to me from your Hands, I expect it from your Pity, and from the generous Affection whereof you have given me so many Proofs.

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It shall be my Hand, no doubt, answered *Florian*, which shall serve you, but it shall only be by saving your Life, that it shall deliver you from the Infamy which you dread. The Favour of Heaven, which you ought to acknowledge, has not conducted me hither so fortunately but to crown my Enterprize with Success. On saying thus, he drew his Sword from under the Veil that covered him, and made use thereof to cut the Cords that bound the Prisoner's Hands. At the Sight of the glittering Steel, the Looks of *Formidaur* began to grow more serene; and embracing him tenderly: Ah! my dear Friend, said he, you restore me to my Honour. Now let the Ministers of the Emperor's Cruelty come and fall upon me; I no longer fear dying with Ignominy.

Let us not talk of dying, replied the Prince of *Persia*, but of living, and making your Escape: Be quick, and put on over your Cloaths, this Woman's Habit which I have brought you; as I have had the Precaution to put on two, I shall have a Suit of the same remaining underneath, and by this Artifice, you may get out of this dismal Place. In the
mean

mean while, hear what I have done to escape hither, and what you must do to escape out of the Palace, and make yourself Master of the City before Day appears.

I set out from *Susa* with a thousand chosen Horse, with whom I have followed you by great Journies: I entered *Babylon* within these few Hours, with several of my Men, and have left the others in small Parties, with Orders to get entrance by little and little at different Gates. I had but just reached the chief Square, when I heard that you was committed Prisoner to the Tower, and as no-body questions but you are to expect certain Death from the Emperor's Hatred, I immediately dispatched away a Courier with all Speed, to beg the Prince my Father to hasten his March. He must have followed me very close, and has taken his Rout by the Defart of *Vestel*, as you desired; wherefore, if I am not much mistaken, he may appear before this City to-morrow with his ten thousand Men.

The News of your Confinement made me fly to the *Satrapa Aredas*, whom I acquainted with my Name, and he told

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me the manner of your being seized. We discoursed a long time both about the Situation of the Tower, and the Measures which we must take for your Deliverance. He represented to me the Difficulty, because the Tower is contiguous to the Palace, and is impregnable on the outside; and that on the inside, the Apartments of the *Satrapa* of *Gore*, who is the Governor thereof, open into a Gallery which joins to the Palace; from all which he concluded that we must begin by making ourselves Masters of the Palace.

At the Name of the *Satrapa* of *Gore*, I remembered the Love wherewith I had inspired him at *Arxalte*, under the Disguise of a Woman. I then bethought myself of trying whether my Sight might have the same Effect on him now; I judged that a few Months had not made so great an Alteration in my Features, for him to secure himself from the Snare I designed to lay for him: Wherefore, I that Instant caused two Womens Habits of the same Sort to be brought, and having fitted them one over the other, dressed myself in them.

In

In this Garb, I went to the Palace, and going to the Governor's Apartment, sent in Word that a young Woman desired to speak a Word in private to him: Hereupon I was introduced into his Closet, where we were left together. Before I began to speak to him, I lifted up the Vail which covered my Face, which I had no sooner done, but his Eyes were earnestly fixed upon me, and I observed that, in Proportion as he began to remember me, Joy took Possession of his Soul, and I foresaw, by the sparkling of his Eyes, that he would be no less zealous to serve me now, than he had been formerly to seem agreeable to me.

This first Success having given me more Confidence, I began by excusing myself for not returning to the Castle of *Arxalte*, as I had promised, and alledging some plausible Reasons which had hindered me; but I am now come to you, said I, with a Design, not only to deserve your Friendship, but also to receive an important Piece of Service from you. I have an almost certain Hope to find out the Author of *Formidaur's* Birth: In order to compleat my Discovery, it is

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necessary that I should be informed by him of some Circumstances with which he only is acquainted, and which joined with those whereof I am apprized, will make him known, and save his Life.

It would be a melancholy thing for the Emperor, after a too precipitated Execution, to find that he has put to Death a Person of an exalted Dignity, and has thereby drawn upon himself and his Dominions Misfortunes that will be irreparable. I conjure you then to permit me to discourse him alone one Moment; I will immediately come and render you an Account of our Conversation, I will likewise give you essential Proofs of my Gratitude.

This Request troubled him; nevertheless, as he is really concerned for your Fate, he seemed to approve a Design, which might contribute to the saving your Life. I have too much Love for you, replied he, to refuse you any Thing, and the Motive which influences you agrees too well with the Esteem I have for *Formidaur*, to whom I have always been strongly devoted: But Time is pretious, pursued he, and if you discover

cover any Conjectures which may be of Service to him, you must make haste and disclose them. Then, after having kissed my Hand with Ardour, he made me go through the Gallery that joins to the Tower, called one of the Jaylors, and ordered him to conduct me to your Chamber, leave me alone with you, and wait at the Door to show me back to his Apartment.

During this Account, which was given in a very low Voice, *Florian* had dressed *Ermidaur*, almost against his Will, in his new Habit. He then put the Vail over his Head; take Care, continued he, to conceal yourself well with this Vail, when the Jaylor opens the Door, and follow him; as for me, I design to stay here in your Place. There is a Sword, which in Case of Need, may help you at a Plunge; nevertheless, manage Matters so as to deal with the Governor without Violence, and don't make use of it, to rid yourself of him, unless you are forced to it.

The *Satrapa Aredas* is to take Care to draw my Men together; they are commanded to obey your Orders; it will be but an easy Enterprize for you, who

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know the Situation of the City, to surprise one of the Gates, and open it to Prince *Frontelm*, who will not fail to appear before these Walls, before Sun-rising. As soon as he has gained Entrance, with his Troops and mine you may make yourself Master of the Palace, deliver me, and revenge yourself of *Agaristus*, with all whom you look upon as Enemies.

How ! said *Formidaur*, stepping back some Paces, would you have me leave you exposed to the Emperor's Fury, to see you condemned to the same Punishment from which you would have delivered me ? Ah ! Prince, why did not you rather bring two Swords ? They would have been able to have opened us the Prison Doors, forced the Avenues of the Palace, and made us triumph over my Enemies. But return, return the Way you came, draw your Men together, join yourself with the Succours which you expect from the Prince your Father, and assault the Palace without, whilst with this Sword I shall know how to defend my Life against the Attacks of the united World.

No,

No, no, cries *Florian*, interrupting him hastily, this is not a Time to form a Design, which is not dictated so much by Prudence, as by Despair. Fly; in this Prison, you are the Victim of your Enemies; when out, you will be their Terror. You are acquainted with the City; you are beloved there by several, and you are dreaded by all; wherefore it will not be long before you are Master thereof. I am in less Danger here than you imagine; being guilty of no Crime, whilst I am believed a Woman, I shall only excite Compassion; and if I should be forced to discover myself, perhaps, as Prince of *Persia*, I shall be respected; however exasperated the *Soldan* may be at your Flight, he will think more than once before he condemns me to Death. In short, as soon as you are in Safety, all is safe; if you remain in Danger, all is in Danger; notwithstanding your Troops, the Enterprize would be uncertain, and even our Victory would become unprofitable.

To what do you force me, too generous Friend? resumed *Formidaur* sighing; you will have me fly, and leave

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you here! you force me to live; I must obey you, the rather because our Disputes would put you yet more in Danger than my Compliance: But I will only employ my Life to deliver you, and *Babylon* will owe her Fall, if it must be so, not so much to my Hatred, as to my Gratitude.

Florian would not give him Time to make any longer Reflections, but instructing him what to say to the Governor, that he might not be known, he embraced him, and pressed him to be gone.

Formidaur, finding that he could not make him alter his Resolution, yielded to his Reasons; he let fall his Vail then over his Face, knocked softly at the Chamber-Door, which the Jaylor opened, and shutting it again as soon as he was out, walked on before him. They passed both of them through the Gallery, and arrived at the Apartment of the Governor, who was at his Door very impatient to see them return.

No sooner did he perceive the supposed Object of his Love, but he advanced towards her, took her by the Hand, and was preparing to lead her to his
Apartment.

Apartment. But *Formidaur* pulling his Vail cloſer, as if to hide himſelf from the Jaylor who followed them, and putting his Mouth to the Ear of the *Satrapa*, whiſpered him in a very low Voice: *My Lord, all is diſcovered, and Formidaur, thank Heaven, will ſoon be at Liberty:* But, in order to finiſh this great Work, it is neceſſary for me to go without loſs of Time, to the Houſe where I Lodge; I conjure you to accompany me thither, for fear that being alone, and it being Night, I ſhould meet with ſome Accident. Come, we ſhall be able there to diſcourſe together more quietly, and without being obſerved: On ſaying this, he ſtill drew the *Satrapa* towards him, and went on as faſt as he could.

The Governor being ſpurred on much more by his own Deſires, than compelled by a kind of Violence that ſeemed to be offered him, had not the Power to oppoſe it, but ſuffered himſelf to be led along burning with Love, and full of Hopes: They paſſed on then from the Tower to the Palace, and croſſed the Courts without any Impediment. *Formidaur* ſtill led him on towards the Palace of the *Satrapa Aredas*; and when he found they were in a Street, where
he

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he neither saw nor heard any one pass, he stopt there, and holding all the while the Governor's Right Hand with his Left, he drew his Sword with the other, and letting the Vail that covered his Face fall upon his Shoulders, said to him, in a Voice that made him tremble, *Satrapa, I am Formidaur.*

I could, pursued he, by putting you to Death this Moment, prevent your being guilty of any Indiscretion; but my being persuaded that you have always been my Friend, seems to assure me of your Fidelity. I have so much the more Reason to trust you, because your Death in publishing my Escape, would be as prejudicial to me, as your Life, in concealing it, may be useful. Go return home, and 'till to-morrow keep an inviolable Silence; the young Woman, who has touched your Heart, remains behind in my Place in the Prison; preserve her as you would your Life, your Head shall be answerable to me for hers. Be not afraid of having braved the Orders you received from the Emperor; to-morrow my Hatred will be more to be dreaded in *Babylon* than his. Expect from my Generosity, and my
Power.

Power a very uncommon Recompence.
This said, he left him.

The *Satrapa* remained so confounded, that he stay'd a considerable Time in the Street, almost motionless, and could not recover from his Surprise. At last, he resolved to conceal from the Emperor, as much as possible, the Flight of a Man who, trusting to his Friendship, had not taken away his Life; but being in Fear for that of his beauteous Prisoner, which was in Danger, because the Hour approached when the Execution was ordered, he returned with all Speed to the Palace.

No sooner was he arrived there, but *Agaristus*, although he was in Bed, sent to command him to come to him. As he was endeavouring to find out the Reason of this Order, his Servants told him that but a Moment before, the Jaylor had run to him affrighted, and out of his Senses, to inform him that, on going into *Fermidaur's* Prison, he had only found a young Woman in his Place; and that this Accident was already publickly known throughout the Palace.

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The Governor easily judged that this was the Cause of the Emperor's sending for him so late ; wherefore being afflicted at the Danger wherein he saw the Woman he loved, and as much terrified at the Punishment wherewith he was threatened himself, he went trembling to appear before the incensed Monarch.

He began by falling at his Feet, and acquainting him ingenuously after what manner he had been deceived, acknowledged his too great Easiness, confessed his Fault, and asked the Emperor a thousand Pardons. *Agaristus* easily perceiv'd that the *Satrapa* had been imposed on, and that his Passion had blinded him ; and as he was extraordinary severe, every one wondered that he did not cause the Governor to be punished upon the Spot : But his Cruelty made him invent a Sort of Torture, more terrible than Death itself.

Return, said he to the *Satrapa*, return to the Tower, and that your Punishment may be adequate to the Fault which Love has made you commit, I command you yourself to cut off the Head of that rash Woman who has deceived

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ceived you ; let the Execution be done in an Hour at farthest ; and remember that what your Arm refuses to perform upon her, shall be executed upon you by the Hands of the Hangman.

The *Satrapa* shuddered with Horrour at this barbarous Order, and retiring without being able to make any Answer, threw himself upon his Bed, where he was wholly taken up with thinking of the Fatality which condemned him either to suffer Death himself, or to execute the Object of his Love.

The first of these inflamed him with Rage, and the second chilled his Blood in his Veins with Terror, sometimes he called to Mind the Promises of the Prisoner that was fled, and suffered himself to be tempted with a Ray of Hopes ; but not being able to foresee how it could be in *Formidaur's* Power to execute such a bold Design, and being too well acquainted, by other Instances, with the Cruelty whereof *Agaristus* was capable, he again fell into the most horrible Despair.

In the mean while *Formidaur*, after having left the Governor, went directly to the
the

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the Palace of the *Satrapa Aredas*, by whom he was received with an inconvincible Joy. There he found a *Persian*, whose Name was *Trifon*, whom he had known at *Susa*, and to whom *Florian* had given Orders to obey him in whatever he would attempt. This Cavalier assured him that *Frontelm* would not be long before he appeared with his Forces; and that he was to make Signals to give Notice of his Arrival from the Top of a little Hill that was but two Miles from the City, towards the South. Hereupon *Formidaur* commanded him to draw together the Troops that were dispersed up and down in *Babylon*, and set a Trooper upon the Ramparts, to observe the Prince of *Persia's* Signals, and answer them with the like.

The Morning had hardly began to chase away the Stars, when Word was brought that the Fires were seen upon the Hill; whereupon *Formidaur* sets out that Instant, accompanied by *Trifon* and twenty Troopers, the rest of the Body following at a little Distance. He advances alone, and riding towards the Centinel of that Gate, by which he judged *Frontelm* would enter, orders him to tell the Captain of the Guards that a
Cava-

Cavalier had brought him important and pressing Orders from the Emperor. Immediately the inner Gate is opened, and he is let in, when he instantly draws his Sword, kills the Centinel, and maintains himself alone in the Gate till his Men come up and join him.

They advance, and are not long before they make themselves Masters of the *Corps-de-Guards*; whereupon the Captain, who had hardly had time to arm himself, ran thither with the rest of his Soldiers to the Number of fifty, and being surprized to see the Place full of so many armed Men, demands who they were, and what they would be at. Then *Formidaur* acquainting him with his Terror-striking Name, commanded him to open the outer Gate, and declared to him, that if he refused, it should be immediately broken down, and himself with all his Men put to the Sword.

Hereupon the Captain, not being strong enough to resist him, resolved to obey him, and imagining Design was only to provide for his own Safety; by making his Escape; and no sooner was the Gate opened, but *Frontelm's* Troops were

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were seen at a Distance, advancing at a
great Rate.

That he might not lose Time, *Formidaur* left four hundred Horse at the Gate whereof he had made himself Master, to introduce the Succours, and taking with him the remaining six hundred, returns into the City, and marches directly to the Palace, in order to surprize it before the *Babylonians* could put themselves in a Posture of Defence.

At his Approach, the Emperor's Guard being terrified at this unexpected Attack, drew together in a Body, and attempted to make some Resistance, but in great Confusion. The Besiegers made the Air resound on all Sides with the Name of *Formidaur*. This Name alone was sufficient not only to break down the Gates and Walls, but to make the Hearts of the besieged tremble; and soon after they added that of Prince *Frontelm*, which struck a panick Fear through every one.

He had already entered the City, which he overspread with his Troops in an Instant; then halting upon the great Square over against the Palace, he drew his
his

his Army up in Battle Array. His Soldiers soon made themselves Masters of all the Gates; the few Troops that were in the City immediately disperse upon his Arrival, and all *Babylon* was in the utmost Consternation. *Formidaur* went to meet the Prince of *Persia*, and having thanked him for the Speed wherewith he had come to his Assistance, they flew together up the great Stair-case.

When they had entered the Gallery; there, said *Formidaur*, is the Way that leads to the Apartments of *Agaristus* and *Zelinda*, go Prince and make them our Prisoners; an urgent Concern calls me to the Tower, to deliver the generous *Florian*; who in order to snatch me from the shameful Punishment, which I was to have suffered this Night, has vouchsafed to put on my Chains; after which we will both of us join you immediately. *Frontelm* complied with this Advice, and advanced towards the Emperor's Apartment, at the Head of a large Detachment of *Persians*. As it was more retired than the others, the Alarm of the City's being surprized did not reach thither till very late.

Ze-

Zelinda, *Fiorlindes*, and *Carilda*, were the first that heard it, and had seen from their Windows the whole Square covered with strange Troops, the Palace invested, and the Guards disarmed. The *Soldan* being informed thereof, was hurrying on his Cloaths when he heard the Door of his Apartment forced open, and saw himself obliged to retire into his Daughter's Lodgings, which were adjoining thereunto. Thither *Frontelm* soon followed him, after having broken down this second Door.

The old Monarch in Despair had began to put on his Armour, and was preparing with *Fiorlindes* to make a vigorous Defence, when the *Persian* rush'd into the Room suddenly at the Head of his Men, and presenting the Point of his Sword to him: *Agaristus*, said he fiercely, lay down your Arms, yield yourself, you are my Prisoner. And who art thou, rash Man, answered the Emperor, to whom a Prince like me should surrender himself? If thou art a Knight, thou hast now rendered thy self unworthy thereof by thy Treachery: Either take off thy own Armour, or allow me Time to put on mine.

Yes,

Yes, I am a Knight, reply'd the *Per-
sian*, and that very Knight whom thou
hast made to feel, not the Effects of thy
Valour, but those of thy Tyranny; it
is now thy Turn to suffer with Justice,
what thou hast made me already suffer
with Indignity. Know then, since thou
wilt hear it, that I am Prince *Frontelm*;
that *Formidaur* is already Master of thy
proud City; and that he is now able to
inflict the same Punishment upon thee,
which thy Barbarity had prepared for
him.

These Words produced very different
Effects in the Hearts of *Zelinda*, *Carilda*,
and the Emperor; *Agaristus* was ready to
burst with Rage, at seeing himself in the
Power of two Enemies whom he had so
outrageously offended; *Carilda* was infi-
nitely overjoy'd to find a Husband
whom she tenderly loved, instead of a
formidable Enemy; and *Zelinda* being
assured of *Formidaur's* Life, forgot all her
past Misfortunes.

In the mean while the Emperor, pre-
ferring Death Sword in Hand, to the
Mortification of owing his Life to his
two most dreadful Enemies, lifting up
his

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his Sword with Fury: Here, said he, is what shall free me from the Revenge of *Formidaur*; let him that would take me Prisoner come and attack me. *Frontelm* could not help admiring the Courage of this old Monarch; however, he was preparing to seize him, but, at that Instant, *Zelinda* ran in between them, and with an Air that would have softened the fiercest Soul: Generous Prince, cry'd she to *Frontelm*, be so good as wait 'till *Formidaur* comes here himself; you are Master of this Palace, no-body here can escape you, and, in the mean while, I consent to yield myself your Captive.

The Prince of *Persia* surprized at the Lustre of this Princess's Charms, lifted up his Helmet, and in his Turn presented to her View a Countenance full of Graces. It would become you much better, beauteous Princess, said he, to make all Mankind your Slaves, than to be yourself their Prisoner; but allow me to tell you, that I can't conceive how a Person who is Mistress of so many Charms, and Eyes wherein Candour sits visibly enthroned, could have the Cruelty to forfeit her Vows, and banish from her Memory a Lover, and a Hero, whom his ardent Passion, and exalted Qua-

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Qualities rendered alone worthy of possessing her.

Ah! at least, Prince, reply'd *Zelinda*, don't condemn me before you hear me : I desire no other Judge of my Innocence than yourself.

I accept that Honour with Joy, resumed he ; and you need not Doubt but I will do you Justice ; in the mean while permit me not to refuse the Offer you have made me of yielding yourself *Formidaur's* Prisoner. At these Words, he commanded his Men to let none enter but Women, and to disarm all Men who were desirous of sharing the Emperor's Fortune.

During these Transactions, *Rodiana*, who had observed *Frontelm* all the while with the utmost Attention, thought she knew him again to be the young Cavalier who had formerly landed in the *Fortunate Island* with his Spouse. The more she examined his Features, his Action, his Speech, and the Tone of his Voice, the more she was confirmed in her Suspicions. At last, being almost assured that she was not deceived, she went up to him, and with a respectful Air: Great Prince,

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Prince, said she, pardon my Curiosity, but I think I see in your Face some Features, which many Years have not been able to efface from my Remembrance; and my Happiness would be unparallel'd, if you could recollect mine.

Hereupon the Prince of *Persia* fixing his Eyes earnestly upon her, and recalling to mind his banished Ideas: If the advantageous Alteration, said he, which I observe in your Cloaths, did not in some measure perplex my Memory, I should imagine you to be my Benefactress, whose Assistance was so necessary to me in an Island of *Arabia*, where the urgent Pains of the Princess my Spouse forced me to stop, as we were crossing the Seas to make a Visit to the King of *India* her Father: In short, if your Name is *Rodiana*, neither my Heart nor my Eyes are at all at a Loss to remember you.

Yes, my Lord, cried she, I am that *Rodiana*, who received in her Arms the Infant which the Princess brought into the World. Too happy *Formidaur*, continued she, in a Transport, what Glory is it to you to have such a famous Prince for your Father. O ye Gods!
what

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what strange Mysteries are the propitious Heavens going to unravel! Ah! be so kind, my Lord, as to tell me if the Child you carried away with you is still alive?

Frontelm was extremely surprized at her Acclamations, and at this Question: He is living, answered he, since it is *Florian*, my only Son and Heir.

At these Words, he perceived that *Zelinda* and *Fiorlindes* looked earnestly at one another. The Emperor and Empress likewise fixed their Eyes mournfully upon each other, as if to lament their recovering a Son, only to see themselves forced to lose a Kingdom, and perhaps their Lives, since both of them were in the Power of an Enemy, whose exalted Birth would undoubtedly add to his Hatred and Revenge. In the mean while, *Rodiana* confirmed to them that *Formidaur* was *Frontelm's* Son; and related to that Prince the Mistake, and Exchange of the Children that happened in the *Fortunate Island*, whereof a Mark, which *Florian* had upon his Arm, would be an infallible Demonstration.

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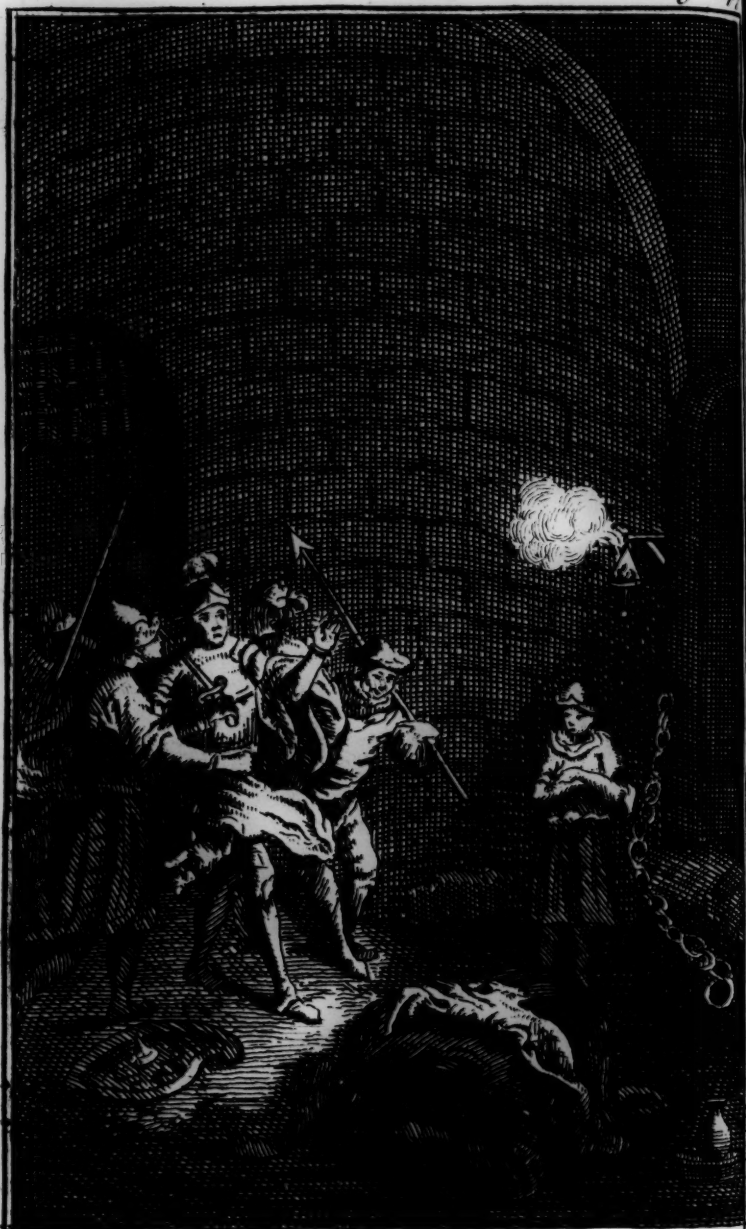
Ah

Ah! said *Frontelm*, embracing her a thousand times ; I have no need of any farther Proofs, than the tender Affection wherewith I found myself seized the first Moment I saw him ; and no doubt it was the same natural Impulse, which induced him to give me so many surprizing Testimonies of his Valour and his Love. Whilst he was continuing to thank her for the Tenderneſs with which ſhe had brought up this dear Son, they ſaw him enter ſuddenly in a Fury, and Sword in Hand.

This Prince, after having left *Frontelm* at the Top of the Stair-Caſe, had haſtened along the Gallery that leads to the Tower, with Deſign to cauſe the Doors to be opened either willingly, or by Force. He was followed by the ſame Number of Soldiers as *Frontelm*, together with ſeveral *Persian* Noblemen ; but the Terror which they had ſtruck every where, having communicated itſelf even to this diſmal Place, he met with no Oppoſition in paſſing on to the Chamber, where he expected to have found *Florian*.

He





Förmidaur going to releafe Florian whom he
had left imprison'd in his stead, finds a headless body.

He perceived that the Door was open, and that a young Man, who seemed extremely frightened, fled from him to avoid him. Hereupon he stopt, and saw the whole Room streaming with Blood. This sight made him shudder with Horror; his Knees tremble under him, and his Heart forebodes some exquisite Misfortune. He goes on, and discovers, at last, in the most obscure Part of this dismal Mansion, a Body from which the Head had just been separated, stretched out upon the Floor, and weltring in its Blood, with a gloomy Light standing by it.

At this dreadful Sight, he draws nearer, and discovers the same Woman's Habit, which he had seen upon *Florian*; whereupon his whole Mass of Blood grew chilled in his Veins: Just Heaven! cries he out — Grief prevented any farther Speech; and he was some Time before he could recover himself: At last, seeing the young Man still there, who was a Servant belonging to the Prison, and was endeavouring to hide himself; he turned about to him, more dead than alive, and with a Voice almost expiring,

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ing, asked whose wretched Corpse that
was.

The young Man answer'd him, in the utmost Fright, that it was the young Woman's who had stay'd behind in the Room of the Prince that was fled, and that it had just been beheaded by the Emperor's Orders. This too exact Answer thunderstruck *Formidaur*; his Strength began to fail him, and he would have fallen to the Ground, if some of those that accompanied him had not supported him: He could not take his Eyes from the Body of his Friend, and nevertheless he remained motionless and dumb.

But his Sorrow was too violent to be restrained within the Bounds of a melancholy Silence; it broke out at first in a Flood of Tears; then raising his Voice; dear Prince, cries he, would you then, in spite of me, become the innocent Victim of this barbarous Tyrant? Fate had destined me thereunto, but your tender Friendship has carried your Delicacy so far as to substitute yourself in my Place. Why did you withhold my Arm? Why did not you let me put an End to my Life, since it
was

was impossible I should survive the seeing you perish? You have forced me to live, and the Death from which you have snatched me, would have been far less cruel than that for which your tender and generous Artifices have reserved me.

How ! continued he in a Transport, does *Florian* then live no more! He for whom alone I lived, he who, being persecuted by Fortune, and abhorring Life, preserved it for me alone, has he laid it down to save mine, and do I live ! Do I stand here without Fortitude or Courage, and content myself with mingling a few Tears with a Torrent of such precious Blood, shed before my Eyes ? Then turning again towards the young Man, whom he looked upon with Rage ; tell me, pursued he, what is then become of that amiable Head ? Wretch ! what hast thou done with it ?

The young Man answer'd, trembling, that undoubtedly the Governor had caused it to be carried away, in order to be shewn the Emperor, who was suspicious of his Commands not being faithfully put in Execution. Ah ! Tyrant, returned *Formidaur*, thou wilt then satiate thine Eyes with such a barbarous Triumph.

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But I fly to punish thee for it, and in Revenge will exercise upon thee the most horrible Tortures. Be witness, dear Shade, that I will neither spare Sex, nor Age, nor even *Zelinda* herself; a Monster of Infidelity is the most worthy Victim that I can to devote to the Vengeance of such a faithful Friend. Proud *Babylon*, I will overthrow thy Palaces, thy Temples, and thy Edifices; thou shalt see thy lofty Walls fall to the Ground; I will reduce thee into a dreadful *Chaos*, and my just Rage shall erect upon thy Ruins a *Mausoleum* to my dear *Florian*, that shall be more memorable than the Pyramids of *Egypt*.

This said, the dreadful *Tisiphone* shoots from the infernal Regions with less Fary, than he rushed from the fatal Tower, to signalize upon the unfortunate *Babylonians* the cruel Effects of his Vengeance. He ran first to the Apartment of *Agaristus*, in order to begin with him, and entered just at the Moment that *Rodiana* had been discovering him to be *Frontelm's* Son. Surprized to see only Joy and Tranquillity in every Face, his Grief is increased, and his Rage redoub'ed; and casting upon the Assembly his Eyes, wherein the Tears seemed

seemed to be striving for Mastery with his Fury.

What is the meaning, cry'd he out, of all this Joy that triumphs in your Faces? Ah! let that Tyrant *Agaristus* die, and let such a Monster of Cruelty perish for ever! At the same Instant he rushes upon the Emperor like a Tyger, and endeavours to run him through, when *Frontelm* stops him, and embracing him tenderly in his Arms; cease your Anger, said he, O my Son! it is no longer time to revenge yourself, but to forgive. If by a Sympathy, the Cause whereof was unknown to us, the Tyes of a Friendship, to which Chance seem'd to give Birth, have united us so strongly together, how much more for the Future ought a more venerable Tye to bind you to me!

This Discourse was accompanied with a second Embrace. Yes, my Son, continued he, you see in me the Person to whom you owe your Birth; when your Mother (my Wife) brought you into the World in the *Fortunate Island*, an Exchange was made, by a surprizing Chance, between you and the Child whereof the Empress of *Babylon* was delivered

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livered the same Day. *Rodiana* and myself have just made this Discovery by undeniable Circumstances ; you, my dear *Formidaur*, are my only Son, and *Florin* is the Son of *Agaristus*.

At this News, *Formidaur* remained motionless ; not that he would question it ; for he was soon convinced that the tender and respectful Love which he had felt, at first Sight, for the Prince of *Persia*, was only the invincible Effect of Nature ; but however agreeable this Event was to him, he was no longer in a Capacity to reap any Advantage from thence. He had lost his Friend ; he had no longer any Hopes of enjoying *Zelinda* ; and he could not help detesting the Capriciousness of Fortune, which did not declare him of such an exalted Dignity, 'till his Greatness could not raise him to the Marriage to which he had aspired.

However, bowing himself very low, to him whom of all Mankind he would have chosen out for his Father ; As much as I ought to esteem myself happy, my Lord, said he, in being your Son, so much the more Reason have I to complain, that such a perfect Happiness

pineness is known to me so late, and at a Time so little favourable. Alas! I shall not be able to enjoy it long, and you will yourself be my Father but for some few Moments. The Son you find in me cannot make you amends for him that you have lost. The Cruelty of this Tyrant

At these Words, turning about to the *Soldan* ; Yes, said he, Wretch, 'tis of thee I am speaking : What Crime then had that Victim committed whom thou hast just sacrificed in the Prison? Well, be contented, thy barbarous Orders have been but too faithfully executed : But dost thou know who this innocent Victim is? Observe to what a Degree the Anger of Heaven has punished thee ; 'tis *Florian* himself, who, under a borrowed Habit, had disguised his Sex (Oh ! too real Friend !) to deliver me from thy Fury.

Go then, most wretched Father, go, and give thy Son thy first Embraces, after that, like an abominable Tyrant, thou hast bereaved him of Life : Run, and drown thy rising Joys in those Streams of Blood which thy Barbarity has set a flowing. If my furious Hand

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does not plunge this Steel in thy Bosom, 'tis only to deliver thee up to all the Horrors of a Punishment a thousand Times more cruel than Death, by letting thee know that thou art the Executioner of thine own Son.

Whilst *Formidaur* was uttering these Words, a Flood of Tears streamed from his mournful Eyes, and the Mixture of Rage and Tendernefs, wherewith his Soul seemed agitated, excited Horror and Compassion in every Heart; one may judge, at this News, what was the Condition of the Emperor of *Baby'on*. Oh! ye Gods! cry'd he out, in the greatest Agony, was *Florian* the Person that I condemned! What! has the fatal Sword fallen upon that innocent Head! Wretch that I am! I hardly know myself a Father when I am a Par-ricide! At these Words, his Voice, and almost all his Spirits fail'd him, and he fell upon a *Sofa*, like a Man ready to fetch his last Gasps.

The Empress who was by his Side, was not in less melancholy Condition; the State wherein she saw her Husband was a fresh Addition to her Sorrows.

An Accident so fatal chilled the Blood of all the Assembly: *Frontelm*, who had for such a long Time looked upon *Florian* as a Son, whose uncommon Virtues deserved his utmost Tenderness, suffered in his Death all the Sorrow whereof a real Father could be sensible; and it received no small Increase from the Grief wherewith *Formidaur* was oppressed.

Every one was so taken up with his own Misfortunes, and the Spectators were so intent upon the Actions of the Emperor *Formidaur* and *Frontelm*, that no-body observed what passed near *Zelinda*. This beauteous Princess being seated between *Carilda* and *Fiorlindes*, waited with Impatience for the Moment of her Justification, when the News of the Murther of *Florian*, now acknowledged as her Brother, seized her with Anguish and Terror; but far from finding any one near her who was in a Condition to comfort her, she finds herself obliged to assist Prince *Fiorlindes*, who was ready to fall in a Swoon in her Arms. This Accident disturbed her no less then *Carilda*, and determined them both

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both to hurry him precipitately into a
Closet adjoining.

In the mean while the unfortunate *Formidaur*, who notwithstanding his Rage is still possessed with the most ardent Love, seeking, with all his Eyes, for her whom he both loves and hates at the same Time, discovered her at the very Moment that she was following her Spouse. The impetuous Passions, wherewith he is transported, seem to subside on seeing her melancholy, pale, dejected, and her Face covered with Tears: He relents, and the mournful Objects that meet his Eyes on every side confound him so much the more, inasmuch as he no longer knows where to take Revenge for the Losses he has suffered.

Shall it be upon *Agaristus*? He is already dying, and too severely punished for the Crime he has committed? Shall it be upon *Fiorlinda*? He is Son to *Carilda*, and *Carilda* is his Father's Wife. Shall it be upon *Zelinda*? His too treacherous Heart still adored her.

Whilst his Mind was thus fluctuating between Revenge and Pity, he sees the
Sa-





*Formidaur going to stab the Satrapa of Gore
is withheld by Florian whom he thought beheaded*

Satrapa of *Gore*, Governor of the Tower, entering the Room. His Presence rekindles all his Rage; and turning himself towards him with Fury; Ah! 'tis upon thee, cry'd he out, that my just Anger ought to fall: Traitor! was it thus that thou oughtest to have employ'd the Life I gave thee? Did not I give thee a strict Charge to be careful of thy Prisoner's Safety. Didst not thou know that thy own Fate depended thereon? Ah! base Wretch, thou shalt perish.

At these Words, he rushes upon him without giving him Time to make any Answer; and already had lifted up his Arm to stab him to the Heart, when he felt himself with-held behind by a Hand whose Strength is very little inferior to his own. He turns his Head in a Rage, to see who was the rash Man that opposed his Vengeance; but how great was his Astonishment, when he saw that it was *Florian* himself! He was within a little of sinking under the Excess of his Joy; a general Trembling seizes him in every Limb, and he fell helpless into the Arms of this perfect Friend, having only Strength enough to cry out, Ah! my Dear *Florian*, art thou alive?

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This so dear Name soon flies through the whole Apartment, and restores Serenity to every Countenance ; but *Florian*, who is only concerned for *Formidaur*, being ignorant of the Interest so many others had in his Welfare, embracing him tenderly in his Arms ; yes, 'tis I, reply'd he, my dear Friend, I am living, do you resume your Spirits, and preserve a Life from which mine is inseparable.

Then the *Satrapa* of *Gore* drawing near to them, and addressing himself to *Formidaur* ; if your Anger, my Lord, said he, had allowed me Time, I should have informed you that what you saw in the Tower was only the headless Body of a Woman Criminal, that was condemned to Death yesterday. I dressed her in the same Habit under which Prince *Florian* was disguised, and substituted her in his Place, to undergo the Punishment destined for him : Hereby I executed your Orders, and prepared myself a Way to escape the Emperor's Anger, if your Enterprize had not met with all the Success which you expected.

Yes,

Yes, dear Prince, added *Florian*, and I was locked up in the *Satrapa's* Apartment, when he caused the Doors to be set open, by declaring my Name to the *Persians* who guarded them; I then put on Armour, and we ran hither on the strange Rumour which we heard.

Ah! Prince, returned *Formidaur*, judge the exquisite Grief which the News of your Death had caused in me, by the Effect which the Joy of seeing you living had upon my Soul! But, my dear *Florian*, although I can dispute the Force of my Affection to you with the whole World, I am not the only one here in whom your Presence causes unspeakable Raptures: And, as at these Words *Florian* was advancing towards *Frontelm*, as believing 'twas him of whom his Friend intended to have spoken, he found himself on a sudden in the Arms of the Emperor and Empress, who by reiterated Embraces, and the Name of Son repeated a thousand Times, put him, in his Turn, in such a Distraction of Thought, as made him receive their Caresses with a profound Silence.

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Agaristus had no sooner heard what these two Princes had said to each other, than he got up in a Transport, together with the Empress, and endeavoured, in the Arms of this dear Son, to make himself amends for the Pains which the News of his Death had given him. Hereupon *Frontelm*, perceiving *Florian's* Perplexity, went up to him, and said, dear Prince, behold in the tender Embraces of the Emperor and Empress, the Authors of your Life ; and without ceasing to have for me a Friendship which I believe I deserve, transfer to them that Love and Affection which you think you owe to me.

He then informed him in few Words of this Event, and of the Proofs thereof which he himself had ; whereupon the amiable and sorrowful *Florian*, not doubting of the Change of his Destiny, threw himself at the Feet of the Emperor, and kissed with the greatest Respect the Hands of the Empress.

Nevertheless this Mark of his Deference was not followed by any obliging Discourse, which might flatter the Tenderness of his new Parents. On
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the contrary, he seem'd speechless, and his Trouble became so visible, that it gave Room to think he was very little satisfied with a Change, which deprived him at once of his Father and his Empire.

Formidaur perceived it; what ! Prince, said he, will you without ceasing give yourself up entirely to your Grievs ? Strive to forget a Loss which you can no longer retrieve. You have now gained an Empire, without losing that of *Persia*, where you shall reign as absolutely as in *Babylon*. *Florian* returned no Answer to these Civilities ; being wholly buried in his melancholy Thoughts, he was incapable of giving any Testimonies either of Joy or Acknowledgment : At last, after a Silence of some Moments ; Great Gods ! cried he out, *Fidalmé* was not my Sister, and I was her lawful Husband ! Yes, reply'd *Firmidaur*, and 'tis at least some Consolation for you, that you are not guilty of a Crime wherewith your Virtue reproached you.

And this is what is now my Torment, answered *Florian*, raising his Voice yet higher, I see myself only the more betray'd by Fortune ! She only dis-

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discovers to me the Happiness which I might have enjoy'd, in order to render the Loss thereof more afflicting to me. Dear *Fidalme*! You was my Wife, and my barbarous Hand deprived you of Life! Enjoy, Prince, continued he, turning towards *Formidaur*, enjoy the *Persian* Empire, and make yourself likewise Master of this also, I will not oppose it; innocent or guilty, I am a Wretch, that ought for ever to be bereaved of the Light of the Sun.

Is this then, cry'd *Formidaur*, the Comfort I expected from your Assistance? Scarcely do I breathe, and see you restored to Life, when you force me again to tremble for your Welfare. Did you snatch me this Night from the Jaws of Death, only to render me a Witness of the fatal Sorrows which your melancholy Remembrance renews afresh in your Mind. Who ought to complain more than me? Does my new Greatness restore to me the Object of my Desires? And if I have more Power to exercise my Revenge, have I the Liberty of so doing? Can any Fate be more severe? Ah! Prince, our Misfortunes are mutual, wherefore since neither Time nor Place can abate their Cruelty, let us unite our
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Destinies, and if we must die, at least let us die together.

All who were present at this mournful Conversation were so much affected therewith, that nothing was heard on every Side, but Sighs and Tears: *Frontelm* seemed so much the more concerned thereat, inasmuch as this afflicting Contest, between two Persons whom he tenderly loved, delay'd his declaring his Marriage with *Carilda*, of which he was ardently desirous. He was considering therefore in his Mind of the Means to appease the Princes, when he saw *Carilda* return from the Closet with *Zelinda*, and advance towards him with Eagerness.

Then being no longer able to restrain his Transports, he rushed into her Arms with all the Marks of the most lively Tendernefs : Dear Spouse, said he, it is no longer Time to keep a troublesome Silence ; let our Love break out in its Turn ; we have suffered too much by letting it be so long concealed ; it is no longer fit for us to live asunder, you in *Babylon*, and myself in *Persia*.

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This Design is but too just, my Lord, answer'd *Carilda*, and never was a more favourable Juncture; but first, in order to silence *Formidaur's* Complaints, permit *Zelinda* to prove her Innocence, the clearing up of which will at the same Time pacify Prince *Florian's* Despair. And what Justification, reply'd *Formidaur* in the greatest Passion, can she pretend to offer for an Offence that is irreparable? But what is become of *Fiorlindes*? Let him appear, and let us terminate our Disputes by his Death, or by mine. I have *Zelinda's* Vows, and he possesses her, either my Death shall leave him the Title of her Spouse, or his shall put me in Possession of her. This said, he advances that Instant to seek him in the Closet, from whence he was not yet returned; but *Zelinda* threw herself in his Way.

Whither dost thou run, *Formidaur*, cried she out, would'st thou shed thine own Blood? Know that this Spouse, who is so much the Object of thy Fury, owes as well as Thou his Birth to *Frontelm*, although *Carilda* is his Mother, and is not thine. Ye Gods! resumed *Formidaur*, what strange Events! must
all

all the Ways that lead to Revenge be eternally shut against me? Ah! it is upon you, faithless Princess, that I ought to discharge the Fury of my just Anger; but the Name of *Florian's* Sister will preserve you no less from the fatal Effects thereof, than the unhappy Flame where-with I still burn in spite of me. Wherefore, since I am not permitted to take any Revenge for my Wrongs; since I no longer know what Enemies to combat, I ought only to have Recourse to thee, too ungrateful *Zelinda*! Compleat the Destruction of a Heart already pierced with the most grievous Wounds; and thy Mouth in uttering the fatal Words that unite thee to thy Husband, pronounced the Sentence of my Death, let thy barbarous Hand now put it in Execution. What! dost thou weep, does thy Courage fail thee? Do'st thou hesitate? Thou didst not fear to betray me, and dost thou tremble at giving me the Death which I desire! Well then! cruel one! I must be obliged to receive it from my own Hand before thy Face.

Hold, *Fermidaur*, cry'd *Zelinda*, thou deservest, unjust and barbarous Lover, that to revenge myself of the Outrage thou do'st me, I should suffer thee, as
thou

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thou desirest to plunge that Steel in thy Bosom : Since when too hasty, and too impetuous Prince ! have I merited the Names thou givest me ? Might not I with more Justice retort them upon thee ? Hast thou vouchsafed, cruel Man ! to inform me either of thy Life, or of thy Designs ? Hast thou not by thy Silence suffered the Report of thy Death to be confirmed to me, which must necessarily have been followed by mine, or have delivered me into the Arms of another ? Thou returnest in a Fury, thou exposest thyself to certain Dangers, thou bravest the Emperor, thou insultest my Weakness, thou dost not vouchsafe to hear me, and giving way to thy unruly Transports, thou would'st either become the Murtherer of all that come in thy Way, or be thine own ! Ah ! Why should'st thou spare me ? Cruel Man ! make use rather of that Steel, and plunge it in my Heart.

What say you ? Princess, cry'd *Florian*, interrupting her ; ought you, or *Formidaur*, to think of dying ? Live both of you ; notwithstanding the Fate that separates you, and the Justice of your mutual Reproaches, your Misfortunes are not comparable to mine. 'Tis only

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I that am forbidden to live ; I adored *Fidalme*, and was loved by her ; she was not my Sister, and I was her Husband ; she fell by my Hand, and 'tis only by my Death that she can be revenged. Having thus said, he drew his Poniard with an extream Suddenness, and was just ready to plunge it in his Breast, when *Fiorlindes*, who had already been informed in the Closet that *Florian* was living, ran to him, and seizing his Arm ; no, no, dear *Florian*, said he, thou best beloved of all Husbands ! *Fidalme* will not have you die, since she is alive herself ; behold her under the Name of *Fiorlindes* ; 'tis the same *Fidalme* of the Castle of *Arxalte*, Daughter to the great *Frontelm*, and the Princess *Carikla* : And you *Formidaur*, illustrious Brother, behold in an affectionate and tender Sister, the Rival and the Husband which you had to fear. She then ceased speaking to assist *Florian*, whose Soul being overpower'd with the excessive Joy, was just ready to take its Flight.

Whilst every one was crowding about her, the virtuous and faithful *Zelinda*, addressing herself again to the new Prince of *Persia*, whose Love increased with his Astonishment ; behold now, *Formidaur*,
said

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said she, behold the Lover with whom I contrived to unite my Destiny, that I might keep my Vows to you. These are the Artifices to which my Heart, my Love, and my Constancy had Recourse, to preserve *Zelinda* for you. *Ingrate!* ought you to have suspected a Heart that had been try'd for so many Years? Ought you to have exposed a Life that is so dear to me, to have endangered the Days of your Friend, *Fidalmz*, and myself?

We had concerted proper Measures to have delivered you this Night; and nevertheless we are all of us become the Objects of your Fury! How can you now justify your Violence and your Passion? Either you thought me inconstant, or you imagined that, being too easy of Belief, I had given Credit to the Report of your Death. What an Injury was either of these Thoughts to the Greatness of my Love? Could you readily persuade yourself that believing you were alive, I could be capable of being false to you, or that thinking you dead, it was possible for me to survive your Loss?

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It, as I was ready to reward you when victorious at the Tilting, I seemed thunderstruck on discovering that it was you, could my Concern be ascrib'd to any other Motives, than either to the Surprize of seeing you again, or to the Danger wherewith you was threatened? Nevertheless you was so unjust as to misrepresent both the Cause, and the Effect; as for my Part, being always intent upon whatever might dispell your Fears, I sent you a Letter soon after your Departure from *Babylon*, wherein I acquainted you with my Marriage, desiring you not to be alarmed thereat, and without explaining myself any farther, gave you to understand that it would be always in my Power to dissolve the Knot. Ought you?...

Ah! cease, divine *Zelinda*, cried *Formidaur*, interrupting her, your Reproaches and Excuses; they equally kill me with Love and Shame. Eager to testify my Gratitude, and stung with Confusion, 'tis only by expiring at your Feet, that I can express both the one and the other. O my dear *Zelinda*! cannot the same Love, which has induc'd you to give me so many Proofs of your Fidelity, plead with you to pardon Mis-

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takes that owe their Rise only to the Violence of my Passion? Adorable Princess, impute all my Faults only the Fatality of my Destiny, which concealed the greatest Happiness from me by impenetrable Mysteries, whilst it made me believe myself the most miserable of Mankind.

Although I never received the Letter you mentioned, I am sensible that I am too criminal in not having judg'd as worthily of the incomparable *Zelinda's* Heart as it deserved: It is only to that adorable Heart, that I will owe my Justification. This said, he bathed the Princess's Hands with a Flood of Tears, whereof their mutual Love was the inexhaustible Source.

Zelinda, much more pleas'd with his Repentance, than she had been provok'd at his passionate Expressions, received these Testimonies of his Love with as much Satisfaction as Tenderness; and by a Silence, a thousand Times more eloquent than Words, assur'd him of the Pardon of his Offences.

The amorous *Florian* gave his dear *Fidalme* a no less tender Reception. As soon as the Excess of his Joy would permit

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permit him to speak, He made use of the most lively Expressions to testify to her both his Love and Satisfaction; which received a considerable Increase, when he was informed of her swooning on hearing the News of his Death in the Tower.

The Emperor and Empress, as much overjoy'd as surprized at this new Event, embraced *Fidalmé* and *Carilda* by turns, and could never have been weary of thanking them for this innocent Trick, which put it in their Power to make amends for what they had done against *Formidaur*; and they blessed the Gods, that when they were upon the Point of losing either their Empire or their Lives, they recovered a Son, and Son-in-law, in those very Persons whom they had believed their greatest Enemies.

In the mean while, the Empress, that no-body in the Assembly might have the least Doubt concerning this Adventure, declared openly that her Son should have near his left Elbow a Mark like a Rose; whereupon *Frontelm* desired *Florian* to show this certain Token of his Birth. After such a convincing Proof, the Joy and Embracings

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redoubled on all Sides. But as no-body in the Court could conceive what could have been the Reason of *Fidalmé's* being disguised, or how *Carilda* had become *Frontelm's* Wife, *Agaristus* desired that Princess to satisfy their Curiosity concerning such important Secrets, which had been so long concealed from the whole Empire.

Hereupon *Carilda* did not in the least scruple to oblige him, and judging by the profound Silence that reigned in an Instant throughout the Apartment, that they expected the unravelling of this Mystery from her Complaisance, she began as follows.

The darkest Nights wherewith the heavenly Powers can overspread the Earth, you see, my Lord, are succeeded by the most serene and pleasant Days. Poor weak Mortals! how senseless are you, when you pretend to dive into the Secrets of the Destinies, or to avoid their Decrees! How blasphemous are your Tongues, when they dare to condemn them! Would *Formidaur* ever have believed that he should become the Husband of a Princess who was thought his Sister, and at the same Time that she was Wife to another? could *Florian*
have

have hoped not to have been *Fidalmé's* Brother; and to have found his Life, with his support in the same Bosom whose Blood he had spilt? Could the Emperor *Agaristus* flatter himself with the Hopes of recovering a Son, when he was ready to perish himself, and to see his Dominions subject to such powerful Enemies? And that in the greatest Heat of Anger and Revenge, I should myself become Wife to the Person who made me a Widow, is what you can't comprehend, and what I must now clear up to your Understanding.

At the fatal Instant that *Frontelm* is upon the Point of falling by the avenging Blow which my Arm is preparing for him, I feel myself with-held by an unknown Power. Instead of employing my armed Hand to pierce my Enemy's Heart, I feel my own wounded with such powerful Darts that I am forced to make a precipitate Transition from Hatred to Love, and from Grief to Wedlock.

Fidalmé soon was the Product of this tender Knot, and I caused her to be brought up in Secret, as believing it was by no means proper for me to reveal my Marriage, at a Time when the Death of Prince *Asmadeus* had kindled a most inveterate Hatred between the Empires of *Persia* and *Babylon*.

It was now several Years since the learned *Mitten*, famous for his Talent of foretelling Things to come, had prophesy'd to me that I should have a Child which would reign in *Babylon*. I then thought that this Prediction related to young *Fiorlindes*, whom I had by Prince *Asmadeus*. But observe how fallacious is human Judgment! *Fiorlindes* being two Years old, was seized with a Distemper which proved mortal; I was greatly alarmed thereat, foreseeing that his Death would carry with it the Loss of his Dominions, and my Hopes of this Empire.

Hereupon my ambitious Fear made me contrive to substitute *Fidalme* in his stead, she happening to be sick at the same Time: Accordingly *Fiorlindes* dying, I concealed his Death, and made his Sister supply his Place. Although there was a Year's Difference between them, *Fidalme* was full as robust, and resembled him perfectly in all her Features; in short my Stratagem met with the desired Success.

I durst not intrust this Secret to *Frontelm*, fearing he would blame my Rashness, and oblige me to reveal it; wherefore

fore I made him believe that Death had rob'd me of the Princess I had by him, and took an extraordinary Care that *Fidalme's* Education should be answerable to the Name which I had made her assume.

Her martial Inclination seconded my Designs, and I found it no Difficulty to make her pass for what she was not. Her Courage, her Valour, and her Address soon acquired her the Friendship of the Emperor, and the Esteem of the *Babylonians*; and by this means I enjoy'd peaceably the Dominions of *Asmadeus*, which, had it not been for this Artifice, would have been re-united to the Crown of *Babylon*.

When *Fidalme* was sufficiently advanced in Years to understand the Importance of my Secret, I discovered it to her, to the End that she might take all the Precautions necessary to conceal it, on Account of the urgent Interest she had to keep it.

Things were in this happy Situation, when the Imprisonment of Prince *Fiontelm* was the Beginning of my Sorrows. Nevertheless as the Emperor had him confined to the Castle of *Arxalte*, and

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I had for a long time accustomed myself to pass several Months in the Year in that Fortress, whose Gardens are delicious, I made the Cause of my Grief itself a Subject of Comfort to me, and went thither frequently to alleviate my Husband's Captivity.

I did not usually carry the supposed *Fiorlindes* thither with me, but being hurried away, doubtless by the Force of his Destiny, the last Time that I was there, he would accompany me thither. In order to give more Liberty in the Diversions which we were to take there, and to abridge the Constraint of the Ceremonial, when I set out from *Babylon*, I enjoin'd the little Court that accompany'd me, not to give him the Title of Prince, or call him *Fiorlindes*, but ordered them to stile him *Fidalme*, which was the Name I had given her at her Birth, and when I arrived at *Arxalte*, I caused the same Notice to be given to the Officers of that Garrison.

After having spent ten Days at that Castle, I was obliged to return to the Court of *Babylon*; but the Day before my Departure, the Governor having thought it proper, to detach from the Garrison a Party of five hundred Horse,

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Horse, to put a stop to the Incursions, which some Parties of the *Persian* Army made about the Neighbourhood of *Arxahie*, and having given the Command of the Detachment to an Officer of Reputation, some Noblemen of my Court would accompany him, and *Fidalme* ask'd my Leave to go along with them, which I granted.

In this unfortunate Expedition the Officer himself was kill'd, with several others; and *Fidalme's* ill Fate would have it that, after many glorious Actions, she should meet with *Flerian* without knowing him. Accordingly she attack'd him, and laid herself open without Reserve to the Sword of that valiant Enemy, by which she fell, cover'd with Wounds.

Being ready to fetch her last Gasps, she cast her Eyes upon her Conqueror, who, in order to assist her, had lifted up his Vizor, and being struck with the Sound of his Voice, which reach'd her Ears, by Reason of some Words which Pity suggested to him, she knew him, and that Surprise reduced her to the last Extremity.

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The Troopers who carry'd away *Florian* left her for dead; and in effect she had perish'd there; if a little after their Departure, Chance had not conducted, some Shepherds that Way; who finding some Heat still remaining in her, carry'd her to their Cottage, where, by the Juices of some Herbs, they restored her to her Senses, and enabled her in a few Days to return to *Babylon*: Where she found all in a Consternation, by Reason of the Report that had been spread of her Death.

She arrived there soon after *Formiduur* had been banished; the Certainty that he was not your Son, Great Prince, said *Carilda*, addressing herself to the *Soldan*, made you redouble your Tenderness to the supposed *Fiortindes*; and you receiv'd her with Transports little inferior to mine: Nevertheless my Joy at seeing her again was very much disturb'd, by the profound Sorrow wherewith I saw her over-whelm'd.

Her Melancholy was excessive, and it seem'd increased by the Departure of the *Persian* Army, which depriv'd her, as she said, of an Opportunity of giving herself up to her Despair, and of meet-
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ing with the Death which she desired. Her Sorrows alarm'd me, wherefore I several Times ask'd her the Cause; at last, I press'd her so urgently to declare it to me, that she was obliged to obey.

One Day then, I saw her fall at my Feet, after which, in a Voice interrupted with Sobs, she told me, that the young Stranger, whom I had taken under my Protection at *Arxalte*, was a Man in Disguise; that he had fallen in Love with her, that she had return'd his Passion, and that having found that he was a great Prince, she had vow'd Fidelity to him, and had received his Vows in Exchange; but that, after their Marriage, being willing to know precisely the Name of the Husband whom she adored, he had inform'd her that he was *Florian*, Prince of *Persia*, and had disguised himself in that manner with Design to attempt the Deliverance of his Father *Frontelm*.

She added, that being over-whelm'd with Despair at this Declaration, she had acquainted him with her being his Sister, and the Horror of their Nuptials; that thereupon he had fled; and that, for her part, she had seiz'd on the Opportunity, which just then offer'd, of
going

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going out of *Arxalte* with the Detachment, in Search of Death, but that she had been so unhappy as not to find it; suffer me then, said she, to rid you of a Daughter, who is guilty of a Crime in having enter'd into any Engagements without your Consent, and who is a thousand times more criminal in having enter'd into them against the Laws of Nature.

Judge, my Lords, how great was my Surprize at the disclosing of this horrible Mystery; I trembled at it, but in short I loved my Daughter, and had myself too much experienced the Power of the Passion that had made her guilty, to dare to punish her for a Crime which she could not possibly foresee. I ask'd her therefore if *Florian* knew all our Secrets, she confess'd that she had discover'd Part of them to him, but that he only knew her by the Name of *Fidalme*, Daughter to *Frontelm* and *Carilda*, as he had heard her call'd in the Castle; that as for the rest, he was a Stranger to her going elsewhere by the Name of *Fiorlindes*, and likewise to the Cause of her being disguis'd.

Finding then that her Misfortune was irreparable, and that nevertheless I shou'd
still

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still be Mistress of her Destiny, I would not add to her Confusion and Affliction by unprofitable Reproaches. Wherefore I contented myself with remonstrating to her of what Consequence it was that she should always pass for *Fiorlindes*, and never should appear as *Fidalme*, whereby *Florian*, who, in all probability, would never see her again, since she would reign at *Babylon*, and he in *Persia*, wou'd imagine her dead, and that it being his own Interest to conceal this fatal Adventure, it would remain bury'd in an eternal silence. I added, that in order to atone for her Offence, she must begin to make me forget it, by substituting Ambition in the Room of Love in her Heart, that she might thereby render herself worthy to supply the Place of *Formidaur*.

This Reasoning seem'd in some measure to pacify the too tender *Fidalme*; she promised to act according to my Pleasure, and to make use of all her Reason to banish *Florian* from her Thoughts.

But she only made me this Promise that she might the better deceive me; for I soon perceiv'd that she was taken up with her Passion more than ever, that no Object cou'd divert her from it, and
that

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that she ardently sought all Opportunities of losing a Life which she abhor'd. In short, finding in the late Times, how earnestly all the Kingdom, being deceiv'd by *Fidalmé's* Disguise, desired to see her united to *Zelinda* in Marriage; and knowing the Aversion that Princess had to every Thing but *Formidaur*, I reveal'd to her my Daughter's Secret, and proposed to her the taking her for her Husband, whereby she might at once deliver herself from the Persecutions of the Emperor, satisfy the earnest Desires of the People, and preserve herself for her Lover. Besides, I must confess, that I was not displeased to see *Fidalmé*, like another *Semiramis*, hold the Reins of the Empire of *Babylon*, and thereby accomplish in her Person the Prediction of *Milton*.

Zelinda approved of this Design, which flatter'd her Sentiments; wherefore she pretended to return the Love wherewith *Fiorlindes* seem'd inflam'd for her, and the Emperor resolved upon their Marriage, which was soon celebrated. All things, thanks to Heaven, have succeeded to the utmost of my Wish; and I rejoice within myself that my Ambition and Artifices have had such a fortunate Issue.

Enjoy

Enjoy then, my Lord, continued she, addressing herself to the Emperor, the Happiness which you may promise yourself from a Son indued with all manner of Virtues, a Daughter-in-Law so valiant, and a Son-in-Law of such Magnanimity; and you, young Bridegrooms, enjoy all the Pleasures which Love and Marriage are preparing, to make you forget your Sorrows and your Labours: As for my part, in re-uniting myself for ever to my dear *Frontelm*, my Fate will be to be envied, and my Happiness as great as your's.

Thus did *Carilda* finish her Relation; and every one gave himself up to Joy, and the Embracings were renew'd; after which *Formidaur* going up to the Emperor and Empress, kiss'd their Hands tenderly, and with that agreeable and majestick Air, which never fail'd of gaining him every Heart, ask'd their Pardon for the Disorder he had caused in their Dominions. 'Tis You, great Prince, said *Agaristus* embracing him, that must pardon a too rigorous Treatment; but, in short, since your Birth, Love, and Fortune, combine to give you *Zelinda*; be assured that tis no less pleasing to me to have acquired a Son-in-Law so accomplished

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plish'd as you, than to have recover'd such a Son as *Florian*; and I bless the Gods, that a double Alliance will soon confirm, between You and Him, the Knot of such an indissoluble Friendship.

Generous Emperour, reply'd *Formidaur*, the unhop'd-for Favours, which I receive from Heaven this Day, will be so many Chains which will bind me for ever to your Service.

Agaristus then order'd Peace to be proclaim'd throughout *Babylon*; and the three Princes would go themselves and declare it to the Army and the People, who by a thousand joyful Shouts and Acclamations, celebrated that Instant this Happy Change. Tranquility and Pleasure soon succeeded to the Tumult of Arms; and, in a few Days, they made an agreeable Transition, from the Horrors of War to magnificent Turnaments, and other pompous Shews, to perpetuate to Eternity the Loves of these illustrious Princes.

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